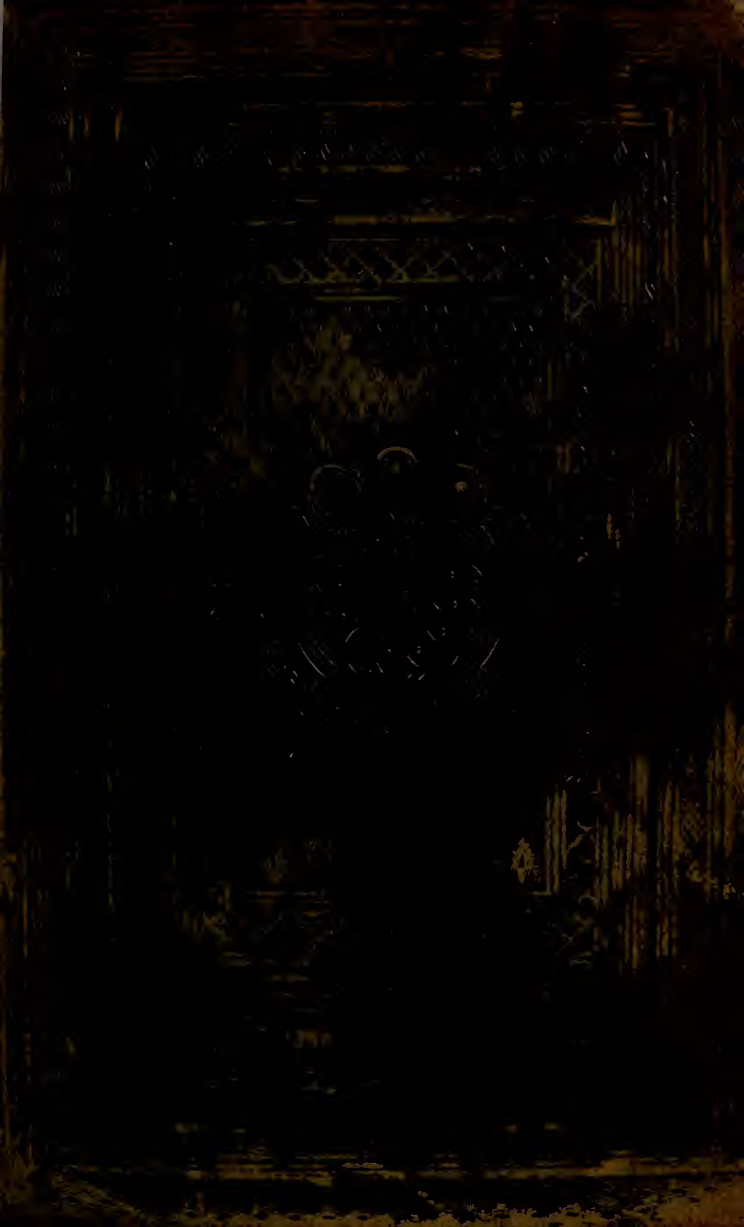

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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID

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J. MONCREIFF.

LONDON, 27*th March* 1854.

PSALMS OF DAVID

IN METRE.

PSALM I.

1 THAT man hath perfect blessedness
who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
2 But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
on his law day and night.

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
and his leaf fadeth never:
And all he doth shall prosper well.
4 The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
which wind drives to and fro.

5 In judgment therefore shall not stand
such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
shall wicked men appear.

6 For why? the way of godly men
unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
shall quite be overthrown.

PSALM II.

1 WHY rage the heathen? and vain things
why do the people mind?
2 Kings of the earth do set themselves,
and princes are combin'd,
To plot against the Lord, and his
Anointed, saying thus,
3 Let us asunder break their bands,
and cast their cords from us.

4 He that in heaven sits shall laugh;
the Lord shall scorn them all.
5 Then shall he speak to them in wrath,
in rage he vex them shall.
6 Yet, notwithstanding, I have him
to be my King appointed;
And over Sion, my holy hill,
I have him King anointed.

7 The sure decree I will declare;
the Lord hath said to me,
Thou art mine only Son; this day
I have begotten thee.
8 Ask of me, and for heritage
the heathen I'll make thine;
And, for possession, I to thee
will give earth's utmost line.

9 Thou shalt, as with a weighty rod
of iron, break them all;

And, as a potter's sherd, thou shalt
them dash in pieces small.
10 Now therefore, kings, be wise; be taught,
ye judges of the earth:
11 Serve God in fear, and see that ye
join trembling with your mirth.

12 Kiss ye the Son, lest in his ire
ye perish from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn:
bless'd all that on him stay.

PSALM III.

1 O LORD, how are my foes increas'd?
against me many rise.
2 Many say of my soul, For him
in God no succour lies.
3 Yet thou my shield and glory art,
th' uplifter of mine head.
4 I cry'd, and, from his holy hill,
the Lord me answer made.

5 I laid me down and slept, I wak'd;
for God sustained me.
6 I will not fear though thousands ten
set round against me be.
7 Arise, O Lord; save me, my God;
for thou my foes hast stroke
All on the cheek-bone, and the teeth
of wicked men hast broke.

8 Salvation doth appertain
unto the Lord alone:
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
thy people is upon.

1 GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy, hear my pray'r; thou hast
enlarg'd me in distress.
2 O ye the sons of men! how long
will ye love vanities?
How long my glory turn to shame,
and will ye follow lies?

3 But know, that for himself the Lord
the godly man doth chuse:
The Lord, when I on him do call,
to hear will not refuse.
4 Fear, and sin not; talk with your heart
on bed, and silent be.
5 Off'rings present of righteousness,
and in the Lord trust ye.

6 O who will shew us any good?
is that which many say:
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.
7 Upon my heart, bestow'd by thee,
more gladness I have found
Than they, ev'n then, when corn and wine
did most with them abound.

8 I will both lay me down in peace,
and quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell
in safety, Lord, dost make.

PSALM V.

1 GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
my meditation weigh.

2 Hear my loud cry, my King, my God;
for I to thee will pray.
3 Lord, thou shalt early hear my voice:
I early will direct
My pray'r to thee; and, looking up,
an answer will expect.

4 For thou art not a God that doth
in wickedness delight;
Neither shall evil dwell with thee,
5 Nor fools stand in thy sight.
All that ill-doers are thou hat'st;
6 Cutt'st off that liars be:
The bloody and deceitful man
abhorred is by thee.

7 But I into thy house will come
in thine abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear
toward thy holy place.
8 Because of those mine enemies,
Lord, in thy righteousness
Do thou me lead; do thou thy way
make straight before my face.

9 For in their mouth there is no truth,
their inward part is ill;
Their throat's an open sepulchre,
their tongue doth flatter still.
10 O God, destroy them; let them be
by their own counsel quell'd:
Them for their many sins cast out,
for they 'gainst thee rebell'd.

11 But let all joy that trust in thee,
and still make shouting noise;

For them thou sav'st: let all that love
thy name in thee rejoice.
12 For, Lord, unto the righteous man
thou wilt thy blessing yield:
With favour thou wilt compass him
about, as with a shield.

PSALM VI.

1 LORD, in thy wrath rebuke me not;
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me.
2 Lord, pity me, for I am weak:
Heal me, for my bones vexed be.
3 My soul is also vexed sore;
But, Lord, how long stay wilt thou make?
4 Return, O Lord, my soul set free;
O save me, for thy mercies' sake.

5 Because those that deceased are
Of thee shall no remembrance have;
And who is he that will to thee
Give praises lying in the grave?
6 I with my groaning weary am,
I also all the night my bed
Have caused for to swim; and I
With tears my couch have watered.

7 Mine eye, consum'd with grief, grows old,
Because of all mine enemies.
8 Hence from me, wicked workers all;
For God hath heard my weeping cries.
9 God hath my supplication heard,
My pray'r received graciously.
10 Sham'd and sore vex'd be all my foes,
Sham'd and back turned suddenly.

Another of the same.

1 IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand
in thy displeasure hot.
2 Lord, I am weak, therefore on me
have mercy, and me spare:
Heal me, O Lord, because thou know'st
my bones much vexed are.

3 My soul is vexed sore: but, Lord,
how long stay wilt thou make?
4 Return, Lord, free my soul; and save
me, for thy mercies' sake.
5 Because of thee in death there shall
no more remembrance be:
Of those that in the grave do lie,
who shall give thanks to thee?

6 I with my groaning weary am,
and all the night my bed
I caused for to swim; with tears
my couch I watered.
7 By reason of my vexing grief
mine eye consumed is;
It waxeth old, because of all
that be mine enemies.

8 But now, depart from me all ye
that work iniquity:
For why? the Lord hath heard my voice,
when I did mourn and cry.
9 Unto my supplication
the Lord did hearing give:

When I to him my prayer make,
the Lord will it receive.

10 Let all be sham'd and troubled sore,
that en'mies are to me;
Let them turn back, and suddenly
ashamed let them be.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD my God, in thee do I
my confidence repose:
Save and deliver me from all
my persecuting foes;
2 Lest that the enemy my soul
should, like a lion, tear,
In pieces rending it, while there
is no deliverer.

3 O Lord my God, if it be so
that I committed this;
If it be so that in my hands
iniquity there is:
4 If I rewarded ill to him
that was at peace with me;
(Yea, ev'n the man that without cause
my foe was I did free;)

5 Then let the foe pursue and take
my soul, and my life thrust
Down to the earth, and let him lay
mine honour in the dust.
6 Rise in thy wrath, Lord, raise thyself,
for my foes raging be;
And, to the judgment which thou hast
commanded, wake for me.

7 So shall th' assembly of thy folk
about encompass thee:
Thou therefore, for their sakes, return
unto thy place on high.
8 The Lord he shall the people judge:
my judge, JEHOVAH, be,
After my righteousness, and mine
integrity in me.

9 O let the wicked's malice end;
but stablish stedfastly
The righteous: for the righteous God
the hearts and reins doth try.
10 In God, who saves th' upright in heart,
is my defence and stay.
11 God just men judgeth, God is wroth
with ill men ev'ry day.

12 If he do not return again,
then he his sword will whet;
His bow he hath already bent,
and hath it ready set:
13 He also hath for him prepar'd
the instruments of death;
Against the persecutors he
his shafts ordained hath.

14 Behold, he with iniquity
doth travail, as in birth;
A mischief he conceived hath,
and falsehood shall bring forth.
15 He made a pit, and digg'd it deep,
another there to take;
But he is fall'n into the ditch
which he himself did make.

16 Upon his own head his mischief
shall be returned home;
His vi'lent dealing also down
on his own pate shall come.
17 According to his righteousness
the Lord I'll magnify;
And will sing praise unto the name
of God that is most high.

PSALM VIII.

1 HOW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!
Who hast thy glory far advanc'd
above the starry frame.
2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouth
thou didest strength ordain,
For thy foes' cause, that so thou might'st
th' avenging foe restrain.

3 When I look up unto the heav'ns,
which thine own fingers fram'd,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
which were by thee ordain'd;
4 Then say I, What is man, that he
remember'd is by thee?
Or what the son of man, that thou
so kind to him should'st be?

5 For thou a little lower hast
him than the angels made;
With glory and with dignity
thou crowned hast his head.
6 Of thy hands' works thou mad'st him lord,
all under's feet didst lay;

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
that in the field do stray;

8 Fowls of the air, fish of the sea,
all that pass through the same.
9 How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!

PSALM IX.

1 LORD, thee I'll praise with all my heart,
thy wonders all proclaim.
2 In thee, most High, I'll greatly joy,
and sing unto thy name.
3 When back my foes were turn'd, they fell,
and perish'd at thy sight:
4 For thou maintain'dst my right and cause;
on throne sat'st judging right.

5 The heathen thou rebuked hast,
the wicked overthrown;
Thou hast put out their names, that they
may never more be known.
6 O en'my! now destructions have
an end perpetual:
Thou cities raz'd, perish'd with them
is their memorial.

7 God shall endure for aye; he doth
for judgment set his throne;
8 In righteousness to judge the world,
justice to give each one.
9 God also will a refuge be
for those that are oppress'd;
A refuge will he be in times
of trouble to distress'd.

10 And they that know thy name, in thee
their confidence will place:
For thou hast not forsaken them
that truly seek thy face.
11 O sing ye praises to the Lord
that dwells in Sion hill;
And all the nations among
his deeds record ye still.

12 When he enquireth after blood,
he then rememb'reth them:
The humble folk he not forgets
that call upon his name.
13 Lord, pity me; behold the grief
which I from foes sustain;
Ev'n thou, who from the gates of death
dost raise me up again;

14 That I, in Sion's daughters' gates,
may all thy praise advance;
And that I may rejoice always
in thy deliverance.
15 The heathen are sunk in the pit
which they themselves prepar'd;
And in the net which they have hid
their own feet fast are snar'd.

16 The Lord is by the judgment known
which he himself hath wrought:
The sinners' hands do make the snares
wherewith themselves are caught.
17 They who are wicked into hell
each one shall turned be;
And all the nations that forget
to seek the Lord most high.

18 For they that needy are shall not
forgotten be alway;
The expectation of the poor
shall not be lost for aye.
19 Arise, Lord, let not man prevail;
judge heathen in thy sight:
20 That they may know themselves but men
the nations, Lord, affright.

PSALM X.

1 WHEREFORE is it that thou, O Lord,
dost stand from us afar?
And wherefore hidest thou thyself
when times so troublous are?
2 The wicked in his loftiness
doth persecute the poor:
In these devices they have fram'd
let them be taken sure.

3 The wicked of his heart's desire
doth talk with boasting great;
He blesseth him that's covetous,
whom yet the Lord doth hate.
4 The wicked, through his pride of face,
on God he doth not call;
And in the counsels of his heart
the Lord is not at all.

5 His ways they always grievous are;
thy judgments from his sight
Removed are: at all his foes
he puffeth with despight.
6 Within his heart he thus hath said,
I shall not moved be;

And no adversity at all
shall ever come to me.

7 His mouth with cursing, fraud, deceit,
is fill'd abundantly;
And underneath his tongue there is
mischief and vanity.
8 He closely sits in villages;
he slays the innocent:
Against the poor that pass him by
his cruel eyes are bent.

9 He, lion-like, lurks in his den;
he waits the poor to take;
And when he draws him in his net,
his prey he doth him make.
10 Himself he humbleth very low,
he croucheth down withal,
That so a multitude of poor
may by his strong ones fall.

11 He thus hath said within his heart,
The Lord hath quite forgot;
He hides his countenance, and he
for ever sees it not.
12 O Lord, do thou arise; O God,
lift up thine hand on high:
Put not the meek afflicted ones
out of thy memory.

13 Why is it that the wicked man
thus doth the Lord despise?
Because that God will it require
he in his heart denies.
14 Thou hast it seen; for their mischief
and spite thou wilt repay:

The poor commits himself to thee;
thou art the orphan's stay.

15 The arm break of the wicked man,
and of the evil one;
Do thou seek out his wickedness,
until thou findest none.
16 The Lord is king through ages all,
ev'n to eternity;
The heathen people from his land
are perish'd utterly.

17 O Lord, of those that humble are
thou the desire didst hear;
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and thou
to hear wilt bend thine ear;
18 To judge the fatherless, and those
that are oppressed sore;
That man, that is but sprung of earth,
may them oppress no more.

PSALM XI.

1 IN the Lord do put my trust;
how is it then that ye
Say to my soul, Flee, as a bird,
unto your mountain high?
2 For, lo, the wicked bend their bow,
their shafts on string they fit,
That those who upright are in heart
they privily may hit.

3 If the foundations be destroy'd,
what hath the righteous done?
4 God in his holy temple is,
in heaven is his throne:

His eyes do see, his eyelids try
5 men's sons. The just he proves:
But his soul hates the wicked man,
and him that vi'lence loves.

6 Snares, fire and brimstone, furious storms,
on sinners he shall rain:
This, as the portion of their cup,
doth unto them pertain.
7 Because the Lord most righteous doth
in righteousness delight;
And with a pleasant countenance
beholdeth the upright.

PSALM XII.

1 HELP, Lord, because the godly man
doth daily fade away;
And from among the sons of men
the faithful do decay.
2 Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
doth utter vanity:
They with a double heart do speak,
and lips of flattery.

3 God shall cut off all flatt'ring lips,
tongues that speak proudly thus,
4 We'll with our tongue prevail, our lips
are ours: who's lord o'er us?
5 For poor oppress'd, and for the sighs
of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
from such as him defy.

6 The words of God are words most pure;
they be like silver try'd

In earthen furnace, seven times
that hath been purify'd.
7 Lord, thou shalt them preserve and keep
for ever from this race.
8 On each side walk the wicked, when
vile men are high in place.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
shall it for ever be?
O how long shall it be that thou
wilt hide thy face from me?
2 How long take counsel in my soul,
still sad in heart, shall I?
How long exalted over me
shall be mine enemy?

3 O Lord my God, consider well,
and answer to me make:
Mine eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
of death me overtake:
4 Lest that mine enemy should say,
Against him I prevail'd;
And those that trouble me rejoice,
when I am mov'd and fail'd.

5 But I have all my confidence
thy mercy set upon;
My heart within me shall rejoice
in thy salvation.
6 I will unto the Lord my God
sing praises cheerfully,
Because he hath his bounty shown
to me abundantly.

1 THAT there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude:
They are corrupt, their works are vile;
not one of them doth good.
2 Upon men's sons the Lord from heav'n
did cast his eyes abroad,
To see if any understood,
and did seek after God.

3 They altogether filthy are,
they all aside are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
yea, sure there is not one.
4 These workers of iniquity
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?

5 There fear'd they much; for God is with
the whole race of the just.
6 You shame the counsel of the poor,
because God is his trust.
7 Let Isr'el's help from Sion come:
when back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
and Israel shall sing.

PSALM XV.

1 WITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,
who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
who shall a dweller be?
2 The man that walketh uprightly,
and worketh righteousness,

And as he thinketh in his heart,
so doth he truth express.

3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
take up an ill report.
4 In whose eyes vile men are despis'd;
but those that God do fear
He honoureth; and changeth not,
though to his hurt he swear.

5 His coin puts not to usury,
nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus
shall never moved be.

PSALM XVI.

1 LORD, keep me; for I trust in thee.
2 To God thus was my speech,
Thou art my Lord; and unto thee
my goodness doth not reach:
3 To saints on earth, to th' excellent,
where my delight's all plac'd.
4 Their sorrows shall be multiply'd
to other gods that haste:

Of their drink-offerings of blood
I will no off'ring make;
Yea, neither I their very names
up in my lips will take.
5 God is of mine inheritance
and cup the portion;
The lot that fallen is to me
thou dost maintain alone.

6 Unto me happily the lines
in pleasant places fell;
Yea, the inheritance I got
in beauty doth excel.
7 I bless the Lord, because he doth
by counsel me conduct;
And in the seasons of the night
my reins do me instruct.

8 Before me still the Lord I set:
sith it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not moved be.
9 Because of this my heart is glad,
and joy shall be exprest
Ev'n by my glory; and my flesh
in confidence shall rest.

10 Because my soul in grave to dwell
shall not be left by thee;
Nor wilt thou give thine Holy One
corruption to see.
11 Thou wilt me shew the path of life:
of joys there is full store
Before thy face; at thy right hand
are pleasures evermore.

PSALM XVII.

1 LORD, hear the right, attend my cry,
unto my pray'r give heed,
That doth not in hypocrisy
from feigned lips proceed.
2 And from before thy presence forth
my sentence do thou send:

Toward these things that equal are
do thou thine eyes intend.

3 Thou prov'dst mine heart, thou visit'dst me
by night, thou didst me try,
Yet nothing found'st; for that my mouth
shall not sin, purpos'd I.
4 As for men's works, I, by the word
that from thy lips doth flow,
Did me preserve out of the paths
wherein destroyers go.

5 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
in those thy paths divine,
So that my footsteps may not slide
out of those ways of thine.
6 I called have on thee, O God,
because thou wilt me hear:
That thou may'st hearken to my speech,
to me incline thine ear.

7 Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
thou that, by thy right hand,
Sav'st them that trust in thee from those
that up against them stand.
8 As th' apple of the eye me keep;
in thy wings shade me close
9 From lewd oppressors, compassing
me round, as deadly foes.

10 In their own fat they are inclos'd;
their mouth speaks loftily.
11 Our steps they compass'd; and to ground
down bowing set their eye.
12 He like unto a lion is
that's greedy of his prey,

Or lion young, which lurking doth
in secret places stay.

13 Arise, and disappoint my foe,
and cast him down, O Lord:
My soul save from the wicked man,
the man which is thy sword.
14 From men, which are thy hand, O Lord,
from worldly men me save,
Which only in this present life
their part and portion have.

Whose belly with thy treasure hid
thou fill'st: they children have
In plenty; of their goods the rest
they to their children leave.
15 But as for me, I thine own face
in righteousness will see;
And with thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfy'd shall be.

PSALM XVIII.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength.
2 My fortress is the Lord,
My rock, and he that doth to me
deliverance afford:
My God, my strength, whom I will trust,
a buckler unto me,
The horn of my salvation,
and my high tow'r, is he.

3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is
of praises, will I cry;
And then shall I preserved be
safe from mine enemy.

4 Floods of ill men affrighted me,
death's pangs about me went;
5 Hell's sorrows me environed;
death's snares did me prevent.

6 In my distress I call'd on God,
cry to my God did I;
He from his temple heard my voice,
to his ears came my cry.
7 Th' earth, as affrighted, then did shake,
trembling upon it seiz'd:
The hills' foundations moved were,
because he was displeas'd.

8 Up from his nostrils came a smoke,
and from his mouth there came
Devouring fire, and coals by it
were turned into flame.
9 He also bowed down the heav'ns,
and thence he did descend;
And thickest clouds of darkness did
under his feet attend.

10 And he upon a cherub rode,
and thereon he did fly;
Yea, on the swift wings of the wind
his flight was from on high.
11 He darkness made his secret place:
about him, for his tent,
Dark waters were, and thickest clouds
of th' airy firmament.

12 And at the brightness of that light,
which was before his eye,
His thick clouds pass'd away, hailstones
and coals of fire did fly.

13 The Lord God also in the heav'ns
did thunder in his ire;
And there the Highest gave his voice,
hailstones and coals of fire.

14 Yea, he his arrows sent abroad,
and them he scattered;
His lightnings also he shot out,
and them discomfited.
15 The waters' channels then were seen,
the world's foundations vast
At thy rebuke discover'd were,
and at thy nostrils' blast.

16 And from above the Lord sent down,
and took me from below;
From many waters he me drew,
which would me overflow.
17 He me reliev'd from my strong foes,
and such as did me hate;
Because he saw that they for me
too strong were, and too great.

18 They me prevented in the day
of my calamity;
But even then the Lord himself
a stay was unto me.
19 He to a place where liberty
and room was hath me brought;
Because he took delight in me,
he my deliv'rance wrought.

20 According to my righteousness
he did me recompense,
He me repaid according to
my hands' pure innocence.

21 For I God's ways kept, from my God
did not turn wickedly.
22 His judgments were before me, I
his laws put not from me.

23 Sincere before him was my heart,
with him upright was I;
And watchfully I kept myself
from mine iniquity.
24 After my righteousness the Lord
hath recompensed me,
After the cleanness of my hands
appearing in his eye.

25 Thou gracious to the gracious art,
to upright men upright:
26 Pure to the pure, froward thou kyth'st
unto the froward wight.
27 For thou wilt the afflicted save
in grief that low do lie:
But wilt bring down the countenance
of them whose looks are high.

28 The Lord will light my candle so,
that it shall shine full bright:
The Lord my God will also make
my darkness to be light.
29 By thee through troops of men I break,
and them discomfit all;
And, by my God assisting me,
I overleap a wall.

30 As for God, perfect is his way:
the Lord his word is try'd;
He is a buckler to all those
who do in him confide.

31 Who but the Lord is God? but he
who is a rock and stay?
32 'Tis God that girdeth me with strength,
and perfect makes my way.

33 He made my feet swift as the hinds,
set me on my high places.
34 Mine hands to war he taught, mine arms
brake bows of steel in pieces.
35 The shield of thy salvation
thou didst on me bestow:
Thy right hand held me up, and great
thy kindness made me grow.

36 And in my way my steps thou hast
enlarged under me,
That I go safely, and my feet
are kept from sliding free.
37 Mine en'mies I pursued have,
and did them overtake;
Nor did I turn again till I
an end of them did make.

38 I wounded them, they could not rise;
they at my feet did fall.
39 Thou girdedst me with strength for war;
my foes thou brought'st down all:
40 And thou hast giv'n to me the necks
of all mine enemies;
That I might them destroy and slay,
who did against me rise.

41 They cried out, but there was none
that would or could them save;
Yea, they did cry unto the Lord,
but he no answer gave.

42 Then did I beat them small as dust
before the wind that flies;
And I did cast them out like dirt
upon the street that lies.

43 Thou mad'st me free from people's strife,
and heathen's head to be:
A people whom I have not known
shall service do to me.
44 At hearing they shall me obey,
to me they shall submit.
45 Strangers for fear shall fade away,
who in close places sit.

46 God lives, bless'd be my Rock; the God
of my health praised be.
47 God doth avenge me, and subdues
the people under me.
48 He saves me from mine enemies;
yea, thou hast lifted me
Above my foes; and from the man
of vi'lence set me free.

49 Therefore to thee will I give thanks
the heathen folk among;
And to thy name, O Lord, I will
sing praises in a song.
50 He great deliv'rance gives his king:
he mercy doth extend
To David, his anointed one,
and his seed without end.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE heav'ns God's glory do declare,
the skies his hand-works preach:

2 Day utters speech to day, and night
to night doth knowledge teach.
3 There is no speech nor tongue to which
their voice doth not extend:
4 Their line is gone through all the earth,
their words to the world's end.

In them he set the sun a tent;
5 Who, bridegroom-like, forth goes
From's chamber, as a strong man doth
to run his race rejoice.
6 From heav'n's end is his going forth,
circling to th' end again;
And there is nothing from his heat
that hidden doth remain.

7 God's law is perfect, and converts
the soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
and makes the simple wise.
8 The statutes of the Lord are right,
and do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
light to the eyes impart.

9 Unspotted is the fear of God,
and doth endure for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true
and righteous altogether.
10 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
to be desired are:
Than honey, honey from the comb
that droppeth, sweeter far.

11 Moreover, they thy servant warn
how he his life should frame:

A great reward provided is
for them that keep the same.
12 Who can his errors understand?
O cleanse thou me within
13 From secret faults. Thy servant keep
from all presumptuous sin:

And do not suffer them to have
dominion over me:
Then, righteous and innocent,
I from much sin shall be.
14 The words which from my mouth proceed,
the thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou my strength
and my Redeemer art.

PSALM XX.

1 JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
when trouble he doth send:
And let the name of Jacob's God
thee from all ill defend.
2 O let him help send from above,
out of his sanctuary:
From Sion, his own holy hill,
let him give strength to thee.

3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
accept thy sacrifice:
4 Grant thee thine heart's wish, and fulfil
thy thoughts and counsel wise.
5 In thy salvation we will joy;
in our God's name we will
Display our banners: and the Lord
thy prayers all fulfil.

6 Now know I God his king doth save:
he from his holy heav'n
Will hear him, with the saving strength
by his own right hand giv'n.
7 In chariots some put confidence,
some horses trust upon:
But we remember will the name
of our Lord God alone.

8 We rise, and upright stand, when they
are bowed down, and fall.
9 Deliver, Lord; and let the King
us hear, when we do call.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE king in thy great strength, O Lord,
shall very joyful be:
In thy salvation rejoice
how veh'mently shall he!
2 Thou hast bestowed upon him
all that his heart would have;
And thou from him didst not withhold
whate'er his lips did crave.

3 For thou with blessings him prevent'st
of goodness manifold;
And thou hast set upon his head
a crown of purest gold.
4 When he desired life of thee,
thou life to him didst give;
Ev'n such a length of days, that he
for evermore should live.

5 In that salvation wrought by thee
his glory is made great;

Honour and comely majesty
thou hast upon him set.
6 Because that thou for evermore
most blessed hast him made;
And thou hast with thy countenance
made him exceeding glad.

7 Because the king upon the Lord
his confidence doth lay;
And through the grace of the most High
shall not be mov'd away.
8 Thine hand shall all those men find out
that en'mies are to thee;
Ev'n thy right hand shall find out those
of thee that haters be.

9 Like fiery ov'n thou shalt them make,
when kindled is thine ire;
God shall them swallow in his wrath,
devour them shall the fire.
10 Their fruit from earth thou shalt destroy,
their seed men from among:
11 For they beyond their might 'gainst thee
did plot mischief and wrong.

12 Thou therefore shalt make them turn back,
when thou thy shafts shalt place
Upon thy strings, made ready all
to fly against their face.
13 In thy great pow'r and strength, O Lord,
be thou exalted high;
So shall we sing with joyful hearts,
thy power praise shall we.

1 MY God, my God, why hast thou me
forsaken? why so far
Art thou from helping me, and from
my words that roaring are?
2 All day, my God, to thee I cry,
yet am not heard by thee;
And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be.

3 But thou art holy, thou that dost
inhabit Isr'el's praise.
4 Our fathers hop'd in thee, they hop'd,
and thou didst them release.
5 When unto thee they sent their cry,
to them deliv'rance came:
Because they put their trust in thee,
they were not put to shame.

6 But as for me, a worm I am,
and as no man am priz'd:
Reproach of men I am, and by
the people am despis'd.
7 All that me see laugh me to scorn;
shoot out the lip do they;
They nod and shake their heads at me,
and, mocking, thus do say,

8 This man did trust in God, that he
would free him by his might:
Let him deliver him, sith he
had in him such delight.
9 But thou art he out of the womb
that didst me safely take;
When I was on my mother's breasts
thou me to hope didst make.

10 And I was cast upon thy care,
ev'n from the womb till now;
And from my mother's belly, Lord,
my God and guide art thou.
11 Be not far off, for grief is near,
and none to help is found.
12 Bulls many compass me, strong bulls
of Bashan me surround.

13 Their mouths they open'd wide on me,
upon me gape did they,
Like to a lion ravening
and roaring for his prey.
14 Like water I'm pour'd out, my bones
all out of joint do part:
Amidst my bowels, as the wax,
so melted is my heart.

15 My strength is like a potsherd dry'd;
my tongue it cleaveth fast
Unto my jaws; and to the dust
of death thou brought me hast.
16 For dogs have compass'd me about:
the wicked, that did meet
In their assembly, me inclos'd;
they pierc'd my hands and feet.

17 I all my bones may tell; they do
upon me look and stare:
18 Upon my vesture lots they cast,
and clothes among them share.
19 But be not far, O Lord, my strength;
haste to give help to me.
20 From sword my soul, from pow'r of dogs,
my darling set thou free.

21 Out of the roaring lion's mouth
do thou me shield and save:
For from the horns of unicorns
an ear to me thou gave.
22 I will shew forth thy name unto
those that my brethren are;
Amidst the congregation
thy praise I will declare.

23 Praise ye the Lord, who do him fear;
him glorify all ye
The seed of Jacob; fear him all
that Isr'el's children be.
24 For he despis'd not nor abhorr'd
th' afflicted's misery;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
when he to him did cry.

25 Within the congregation great
my praise shall be of thee;
My vows before them that him fear
shall be perform'd by me.
26 The meek shall eat, and shall be fill'd;
they also praise shall give
Unto the Lord that do him seek:
your heart shall ever live.

27 All ends of th' earth remember shall,
and turn the Lord unto;
All kindreds of the nations
to him shall homage do:
28 Because the kingdom to the Lord
doth appertain as his;
Likewise among the nations
the Governor he is.

29 Earth's fat ones eat, and worship shall:
all who to dust descend
Shall bow to him; none of them can
his soul from death defend.
30 A seed shall service do to him;
unto the Lord it shall
Be for a generation
reckon'd in ages all.

31 They shall come, and they shall declare
his truth and righteousness
Unto a people yet unborn,
and that he hath done this.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
2 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
3 My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for his own name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.
5 My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

6 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:

And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THE earth belongs unto the Lord,
and all that it contains;
The world that is inhabited,
and all that there remains.
2 For the foundations thereof
he on the seas did lay,
And he hath it established
upon the floods to stay.

3 Who is the man that shall ascend
into the hill of God?
Or who within his holy place
shall have a firm abode?
4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
and unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He from th' Eternal shall receive
the blessing him upon,
And righteousness, ev'n from the God
of his salvation.
6 This is the generation
that after him enquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
with their whole heart's desire.

7 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.

8 But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in might,
and strong in battle is.

9 Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
10 But who is he that is the King
of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
the King of glory is.

PSALM XXV.

1 TO thee I lift my soul:
2 O Lord, I trust in thee:
My God, let me not be asham'd,
nor foes triumph o'er me.
3 Let none that wait on thee
be put to shame at all;
But those that without cause transgress,
let shame upon them fall.

4 Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
thy paths, O teach thou me:
5 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
therein my teacher be:
For thou art God that dost
to me salvation send,
And I upon thee all the day
expecting do attend.

6 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,

And loving-kindnesses; for they
have been of old for ever.
7 My sins and faults of youth
do thou, O Lord, forget:
After thy mercy think on me,
and for thy goodness great.

8 God good and upright is:
the way he'll sinners show.
9 The meek in judgment he will guide,
and make his path to know.
10 The whole paths of the Lord
are truth and mercy sure,
To those that do his cov'nant keep,
and testimonies pure.

11 Now, for thine own name's sake,
O Lord, I thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.
12 What man is he that fears
the Lord, and doth him serve?
Him shall he teach the way that he
shall chuse, and still observe.

13 His soul shall dwell at ease;
and his posterity
Shall flourish still, and of the earth
inheritors shall be.
14 With those that fear him is
the secret of the Lord;
The knowledge of his covenant
he will to them afford.

15 Mine eyes upon the Lord
continually are set;

For he it is that shall bring forth
my feet out of the net.
16 Turn unto me thy face,
and to me mercy show;
Because that I am desolate,
and am brought very low.

17 My heart's griefs are increas'd:
me from distress relieve.
18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my sins forgive.
19 Consider thou my foes,
because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
which they against me bear.

20 O do thou keep my soul,
do thou deliver me:
And let me never be asham'd,
because I trust in thee.
21 Let uprightness and truth
keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Israel
from all his troubles send.

Another of the same.

1 TO thee I lift my soul, O Lord:
2 My God, I trust in thee:
Let me not be asham'd; let not
my foes triumph o'er me.
3 Yea, let thou none ashamed be
that do on thee attend:
Ashamed let them be, O Lord,
who without cause offend.

4 Thy ways, Lord, shew; teach me thy paths:
5 Lead me in truth, teach me:
For of my safety thou art God;
all day I wait on thee.
6 Thy mercies, that most tender are,
do thou, O Lord, remember,
And loving-kindnesses; for they
have been of old for ever.

7 Let not the errors of my youth,
nor sins, remember'd be:
In mercy, for thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.
8 The Lord is good and gracious,
he upright is also:
He therefore sinners will instruct
in ways that they should go.

9 The meek and lowly he will guide
in judgment just alway:
To meek and poor afflicted ones
he'll clearly teach his way.
10 The whole paths of the Lord our God
are truth and mercy sure,
To such as keep his covenant,
and testimonies pure.

11 Now, for thine own name's sake, O Lord,
I humbly thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.
12 What man fears God? him shall he teach
the way that he shall chuse.
13 His soul shall dwell at ease; his seed
the earth, as heirs, shall use.

14 The secret of the Lord is with
such as do fear his name;
And he his holy covenant
will manifest to them.
15 Towards the Lord my waiting eyes
continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
my feet out of the net.

16 O turn thee unto me, O God,
have mercy me upon;
Because I solitary am,
and in affliction.
17 Enlarg'd the griefs are of mine heart;
me from distress relieve.
18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my sins forgive.

19 Consider thou mine enemies,
because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
which they against me bear.
20 O do thou keep my soul; O God,
do thou deliver me:
Let me not be asham'd; for I
do put my trust in thee.

21 O let integrity and truth
keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Israel
from all his troubles send.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walk'd
in mine integrity:

I trusted also in the Lord;
slide therefore shall not I.
2 Examine me, and do me prove;
try heart and reins, O God:
3 For thy love is before mine eyes,
thy truth's paths I have trode.

4 With persons vain I have not sat,
nor with dissemblers gone:
5 Th' assembly of ill men I hate;
to sit with such I shun.
6 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
and compass it will I:

7 That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
may publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
that great and wondrous are.
8 The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight
where doth thine honour dwell.

9 With sinners gather not my soul,
and such as blood would spill:
10 Whose hands mischievous plots, right hand
corrupting bribes do fill.
11 But as for me, I will walk on
in mine integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and, O Lord,
be merciful to me.

12 My foot upon an even place
doth stand with stedfastness:

Within the congregations
th' Eternal I will bless.

PSALM XXVII.

1 THE Lord's my light and saving health,
who shall make me dismay'd?
My life's strength is the Lord, of whom
then shall I be afraid?
2 When as mine enemies and foes,
most wicked persons all,
To eat my flesh against me rose,
they stumbled and did fall.

3 Against me though an host encamp,
my heart yet fearless is:
Though war against me rise, I will
be confident in this.
4 One thing I of the Lord desir'd,
and will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
within God's house remain;

That I the beauty of the Lord
behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
may rev'rently enquire.
5 For he in his pavilion shall
me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
and on a rock me raise.

6 And now, ev'n at this present time,
mine head shall lifted be
Above all those that are my foes,
and round encompass me:

Therefore unto his tabernacle
I'll sacrifices bring
Of joyfulness; I'll sing, yea, I
to God will praises sing.

7 O Lord, give ear unto my voice,
when I do cry to thee;
Upon me also mercy have,
and do thou answer me.
8 When thou didst say, Seek ye my face,
then unto thee reply
Thus did my heart, Above all things
thy face, Lord, seek will I.

9 Far from me hide not thou thy face;
put not away from thee
Thy servant in thy wrath: thou hast
an helper been to me.
O God of my salvation,
leave me not, nor forsake:
10 Though me my parents both should leave,
the Lord will me up take.

11 O Lord, instruct me in thy way,
to me a leader be
In a plain path, because of those
that hatred bear to me.
12 Give me not to mine en'mies' will;
for witnesses that lie
Against me risen are, and such
as breathe out cruelty.

13 I fainted had, unless that I
believed had to see
The Lord's own goodness in the land
of them that living be.

14 Wait on the Lord, and be thou strong,
and he shall strength afford
Unto thine heart; yea, do thou wait,
I say, upon the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 TO thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock;
hold not thy peace to me;
Lest like those that to pit descend
I by thy silence be.
2 The voice hear of my humble pray'rs,
when unto thee I cry;
When to thine holy oracle
I lift mine hands on high.

3 With ill men draw me not away
that work iniquity;
That speak peace to their friends, while in
their hearts doth mischief lie.
4 Give them according to their deeds
and ills endeavoured:
And as their handy-works deserve,
to them be rendered.

5 God shall not build, but them destroy,
who would not understand
The Lord's own works, nor did regard
the doing of his hand.
6 For ever blessed be the Lord,
for graciously he heard
The voice of my petitions,
and prayers did regard.

7 The Lord's my strength and shield; my heart
upon him did rely;

And I am helped: hence my heart
doth joy exceedingly,
And with my song I will him praise.
8 Their strength is God alone:
He also is the saving strength
of his anointed one.

9 O thine own people do thou save,
bless thine inheritance;
Them also do thou feed, and them
for evermore advance.

PSALM XXIX.

1 GIVE ye unto the Lord, ye sons
that of the mighty be,
All strength and glory to the Lord
with cheerfulness give ye.
2 Unto the Lord the glory give
that to his name is due;
And in the beauty of holiness
unto JEHOVAH bow.

3 The Lord's voice on the waters is;
the God of majesty
Doth thunder, and on multitudes
of waters sitteth he.
4 A pow'rful voice it is that comes
out from the Lord most high;
The voice of that great Lord is full
of glorious majesty.

5 The voice of the Eternal doth
asunder cedars tear;
Yea, God the Lord doth cedars break
that Lebanon doth bear.

6 He makes them like a calf to skip,
ev'n that great Lebanon,
And, like to a young unicorn,
the mountain Sirion.

7 God's voice divides the flames of fire;
8 The desert it doth shake:
The Lord doth make the wilderness
of Kadesh all to quake.
9 God's voice doth make the hinds to calve,
it makes the forest bare:
And in his temple ev'ry one
his glory doth declare.

10 The Lord sits on the floods; the Lord
sits King, and ever shall.
11 The Lord will give his people strength,
and with peace bless them all.

PSALM XXX.

1 LORD, I will thee extol, for thou
hast lifted me on high,
And over me thou to rejoice
mad'st not mine enemy.
2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to thee,
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
and thou hast healed me.

3 O Lord, my soul thou hast brought up,
and rescu'd from the grave;
That I to pit should not go down,
alive thou didst me save.

4 O ye that are his holy ones,
sing praise unto the Lord;
And give unto him thanks, when ye
his holiness record.

5 For but a moment lasts his wrath;
life in his favour lies:
Weeping may for a night endure,
at morn doth joy arise.
6 In my prosperity I said,
that nothing shall me move.
7 O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
to stand strong by thy love:

But when that thou, O gracious God,
didst hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosp'rous state
turn'd into misery.
8 Wherefore unto the Lord my cry
I caused to ascend:
My humble supplication
I to the Lord did send.

9 What profit is there in my blood,
when I go down to pit?
Shall unto thee the dust give praise?
thy truth declare shall it?
10 Hear, Lord, have mercy; help me, Lord:
11 Thou turned hast my sadness
To dancing; yea, my sackcloth loos'd,
and girded me with gladness;

12 That sing thy praise my glory may,
and never silent be.
O Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

1 IN thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
sham'd let me never be;
According to thy righteousness
do thou deliver me.
2 Bow down thine ear to me, with speed
send me deliverance:
To save me, my strong rock be thou,
and my house of defence.

3 Because thou art my rock, and thee
I for my fortress take;
Therefore do thou me lead and guide,
ev'n for thine own name's sake.
4 And sith thou art my strength, therefore
pull me out of the net,
Which they in subtilty for me
so privily have set.

5 Into thine hands I do commit
my sp'rit: for thou art he,
O thou, JEHOVAH, God of truth,
that hast redeemed me.
6 Those that do lying vanities
regard, I have abhorr'd:
But as for me, my confidence
is fixed on the Lord.

7 I'll in thy mercy gladly joy:
for thou my miseries
Consider'd hast; thou hast my soul
known in adversities:
8 And thou hast not inclosed me
within the en'my's hand;
And by thee have my feet been made
in a large room to stand.

9 O Lord, upon me mercy have,
for trouble is on me:
Mine eye, my belly, and my soul,
with grief consumed be.
10 Because my life with grief is spent,
my years with sighs and groans:
My strength doth fail; and for my sin
consumed are my bones.

11 I was a scorn to all my foes,
and to my friends a fear;
And specially reproach'd of those
that were my neighbours near:
When they me saw they from me fled.
12 Ev'n so I am forgot,
As men are out of mind when dead:
I'm like a broken pot.

13 For slanders I of many heard;
fear compass'd me, while they
Against me did consult, and plot
to take my life away.
14 But as for me, O Lord, my trust
upon thee I did lay;
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
did confidently say.

15 My times are wholly in thine hand:
do thou deliver me
From their hands that mine enemies
and persecutors be.
16 Thy countenance to shine do thou
upon thy servant make:
Unto me give salvation,
for thy great mercies' sake.

17 Let me not be asham'd, O Lord,
for on thee call'd I have:
Let wicked men be sham'd, let them
be silent in the grave.
18 To silence put the lying lips,
that grievous things do say,
And hard reports, in pride and scorn,
on righteous men do lay.

19 How great's the goodness thou for them
that fear thee keep'st in store,
And wrought'st for them that trust in thee
the sons of men before!
20 In secret of thy presence thou
shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues thou closely shalt,
as in a tent, them hide.

21 All praise and thanks be to the Lord;
for he hath magnify'd
His wondrous love to me within
a city fortify'd.
22 For from thine eyes cut off I am,
I in my haste had said;
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to thee
with cries my moan I made.

23 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plenteously
proud doers doth reward.
24 Be of good courage, and he strength
unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
doth on the Lord depend.

1 O BLESSED is the man to whom
is freely pardoned
All the transgression he hath done,
whose sin is covered.
2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
imputeth not his sin,
And in whose sp'rit there is no guile,
nor fraud is found therein.

3 When as I did refrain my speech,
and silent was my tongue,
My bones then waxed old, because
I roared all day long.
4 For upon me both day and night
thine hand did heavy lie,
So that my moisture turned is
in summer's drought thereby.

5 I thereupon have unto thee
my sin acknowledged,
And likewise mine iniquity
I have not covered:
I will confess unto the Lord
my trespasses, said I;
And of my sin thou freely didst
forgive th' iniquity.

6 For this shall ev'ry godly one
his prayer make to thee;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
as found thou mayest be.
Surely, when floods of waters great
do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
nor once come near to him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
from trouble keep me free:
Thou with songs of deliverance
about shalt compass me.
8 I will instruct thee, and thee teach
the way that thou shalt go;
And, with mine eye upon thee set,
I will direction show.

9 Then be not like the horse or mule,
which do not understand;
Whose mouth, lest they come near to thee,
a bridle must command.
10 Unto the man that wicked is
his sorrows shall abound;
But him that trusteth in the Lord
mercy shall compass round.

11 Ye righteous, in the Lord be glad,
in him do ye rejoice:
All ye that upright are in heart,
for joy lift up your voice.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
it comely is and right,
That upright men, with thankful voice,
should praise the Lord of might.
2 Praise God with harp, and unto him
sing with the psaltery;
Upon a ten-string'd instrument
make ye sweet melody.

3 A new song to him sing, and play
with loud noise skilfully;

4 For right is God's word, all his works
are done in verity.
5 To judgment and to righteousness
a love he beareth still;
The loving-kindness of the Lord
the earth throughout doth fill.

6 The heavens by the word of God
did their beginning take;
And by the breathing of his mouth
he all their hosts did make.
7 The waters of the seas he brings
together as an heap;
And in storehouses, as it were,
he layeth up the deep.

8 Let earth, and all that live therein,
with rev'rence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
dread him with one accord.
9 For he did speak the word, and done
it was without delay;
Established it firmly stood,
whatever he did say.

10 God doth the counsel bring to nought
which heathen folk do take;
And what the people do devise
of none effect doth make.
11 O but the counsel of the Lord
doth stand for ever sure;
And of his heart the purposes
from age to age endure.

12 That nation blessed is, whose God
JEHOVAH is, and those

A blessed people are, whom for
his heritage he chose.
13 The Lord from heav'n sees and beholds
all sons of men full well:
14 He views all from his dwelling-place
that in the earth do dwell.

15 He forms their hearts alike, and all
their doings he observes.
16 Great hosts save not a king, much strength
no mighty man preserves.
17 An horse for preservation
is a deceitful thing;
And by the greatness of his strength
can no deliv'rance bring.

18 Behold, on those that do him fear
the Lord doth set his eye;
Ev'n those who on his mercy do
with confidence rely.
19 From death to free their soul, in dearth
life unto them to yield.
20 Our soul doth wait upon the Lord;
he is our help and shield.

21 Sith in his holy name we trust,
our heart shall joyful be.
22 Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
as we do hope in thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 GOD will I bless all times; his praise
my mouth shall still express.
2 My soul shall boast in God: the meek
shall hear with joyfulness.

3 Extol the Lord with me, let us
exalt his name together.
4 I sought the Lord, he heard, and did
me from all fears deliver.

5 They look'd to him, and lighten'd were:
not shamed were their faces.
6 This poor man cry'd, God heard, and sav'd
him from all his distresses.
7 The angel of the Lord encamps,
and round encompasseth
All those about that do him fear,
and them delivereth.

8 O taste and see that God is good:
who trusts in him is bless'd.
9 Fear God his saints: none that him fear
shall be with want oppress'd.
10 The lions young may hungry be,
and they may lack their food:
But they that truly seek the Lord
shall not lack any good.

11 O children, hither do ye come,
and unto me give ear;
I shall you teach to understand
how ye the Lord should fear.
12 What man is he that life desires,
to see good would live long?
13 Thy lips refrain from speaking guile,
and from ill words thy tongue.

14 Depart from ill, do good, seek peace,
pursue it earnestly.
15 God's eyes are on the just; his ears
are open to their cry.

16 The face of God is set against
those that do wickedly,
That he may quite out from the earth
cut off their memory.

17 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
he unto them gives ear;
And they out of their troubles all
by him deliver'd are.
18 The Lord is ever nigh to them
that be of broken sp'rit;
To them he safety doth afford
that are in heart contrite.

19 The troubles that afflict the just
in number many be;
But yet at length out of them all
the Lord doth set him free.
20 He carefully his bones doth keep,
whatever can befall;
That not so much as one of them
can broken be at all.

21 Ill shall the wicked slay; laid waste
shall be who hate the just.
22 The Lord redeems his servants' souls;
none perish that him trust.

PSALM XXXV.

1 PLEAD, Lord, with those that plead; and
with those that fight with me. [fight
2 Of shield and buckler take thou hold,
stand up mine help to be.
3 Draw also out the spear, and do
against them stop the way

That me pursue: unto my soul,
I'm thy salvation, say.

4 Let them confounded be and sham'd
that for my soul have sought:
Who plot my hurt turn'd back be they,
and to confusion brought.
5 Let them be like unto the chaff
that flies before the wind;
And let the angel of the Lord
pursue them hard behind.

6 With darkness cover thou their way,
and let it slipp'ry prove;
And let the angel of the Lord
pursue them from above.
7 For without cause have they for me
their net hid in a pit,
They also have without a cause
for my soul digged it.

8 Let ruin seize him unawares;
his net he hid withal
Himself let catch; and in the same
destruction let him fall.
9 My soul in God shall joy; and glad
in his salvation be:
10 And all my bones shall say, O Lord,
who is like unto thee,

Which dost the poor set free from him
that is for him too strong;
The poor and needy from the man
that spoils and does him wrong?
11 False witnesses rose; to my charge
things I not knew they laid.

12 They, to the spoiling of my soul,
me ill for good repaid.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
in sackcloth sad I mourn'd:
My humbled soul did fast, my pray'r
into my bosom turn'd.
14 Myself I did behave as he
had been my friend or brother;
I heavily bow'd down, as one
that mourneth for his mother.

15 But in my trouble they rejoic'd,
gath'ring themselves together;
Yea, abjects vile together did
themselves against me gather:
I knew it not; they did me tear,
and quiet would not be.
16 With mocking hypocrites, at feasts
they gnash'd their teeth at me.

17 How long, Lord, look'st thou on? from those
destructions they intend
Rescue my soul, from lions young
my darling do defend.
18 I will give thanks to thee, O Lord,
within th' assembly great;
And where much people gather'd are
thy praises forth will set.

19 Let not my wrongful enemies
proudly rejoice o'er me;
Nor who me hate without a cause,
let them wink with the eye.
20 For peace they do not speak at all;
but crafty plots prepare

Against all those within the land
that meek and quiet are.

21 With mouths set wide, they 'gainst me said,
Ha, ha! our eye doth see.
22 Lord, thou hast seen, hold not thy peace;
Lord, be not far from me.
23 Stir up thyself; wake, that thou may'st
judgment to me afford,
Ev'n to my cause, O thou that art
my only God and Lord.

24 O Lord my God, do thou me judge
after thy righteousness;
And let them not their joy 'gainst me
triumphantly express:
25 Nor let them say within their hearts,
Ah, we would have it thus;
Nor suffer them to say, that he
is swallow'd up by us.

26 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that at my hurt are glad;
Let those against me that do boast
with shame and scorn be clad.
27 Let them that love my righteous cause
be glad, shout, and not cease
To say, The Lord be magnify'd,
who loves his servant's peace.

28 Thy righteousness shall also be
declared by my tongue;
The praises that belong to thee
speak shall it all day long.

1 THE wicked man's transgression
within my heart thus says,
Undoubtedly the fear of God
is not before his eyes.
2 Because himself he flattereth
in his own blinded eye,
Until the hatefulness be found
of his iniquity.

3 Words from his mouth proceeding are,
fraud and iniquity:
He to be wise, and to do good,
hath left off utterly.
4 He mischief, lying on his bed,
most cunningly doth plot:
He sets himself in ways not good,
ill he abhorreth not.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns;
thy truth doth reach the clouds:
6 Thy justice is like mountains great;
thy judgments deep as floods:
Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
7 How precious is thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of thy wings
men's sons their trust shall place.

8 They with the fatness of thy house
shall be well satisfy'd;
From rivers of thy pleasures thou
wilt drink to them provide.
9 Because of life the fountain pure
remains alone with thee;
And in that purest light of thine
we clearly light shall see.

10 Thy loving-kindness unto them
continue that thee know;
And still on men upright in heart
thy righteousness bestow.
11 Let not the foot of cruel pride
come, and against me stand;
And let me not removed be,
Lord, by the wicked's hand.

12 There fallen are they, and ruined,
that work iniquities:
Cast down they are, and never shall
be able to arise.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 FOR evil doers fret thou not
thyself unquietly;
Nor do thou envy bear to those
that work iniquity.
2 For, even like unto the grass,
soon be cut down shall they;
And, like the green and tender herb,
they wither shall away.

3 Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
and be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
and verily have food.
4 Delight thyself in God; he'll give
thine heart's desire to thee.
5 Thy way to God commit, him trust,
it bring to pass shall he.

6 And, like unto the light he shall
thy righteousness display;

And he thy judgment shall bring forth
like noon-tide of the day.
7 Rest in the Lord, and patiently
wait for him: do not fret
For him who, prosp'ring in his way,
success in sin doth get.

8 Do thou from anger cease, and wrath
see thou forsake also:
Fret not thyself in any wise,
that evil thou should'st do.
9 For those that evil doers are
shall be cut off and fall:
But those that wait upon the Lord
the earth inherit shall.

10 For yet a little while, and then
the wicked shall not be;
His place thou shalt consider well,
but it thou shalt not see.
11 But by inheritance the earth
the meek ones shall possess;
They also shall delight themselves
in an abundant peace.

12 The wicked plots against the just,
and at him whets his teeth:
13 The Lord shall laugh at him, because
his day he coming seeth.
14 The wicked have drawn out the sword,
and bent their bow, to slay
The poor and needy, and to kill
men of an upright way.

15 But their own sword, which they have drawn,
shall enter their own heart:

Their bows which they have bent shall break,
and into pieces part.
16 A little that a just man hath
is more and better far
Than is the wealth of many such
as lewd and wicked are.

17 For sinners' arms shall broken be;
but God the just sustains.
18 God knows the just man's days, and still
their heritage remains.
19 They shall not be asham'd when they
the evil time do see;
And when the days of famine are
they satisfy'd shall be.

20 But wicked men, and foes of God,
as fat of lambs, decay;
They shall consume, yea, into smoke
they shall consume away.
21 The wicked borrows, but the same
again he doth not pay;
Whereas the righteous mercy shews,
and gives his own away.

22 For such as blessed be of him
the earth inherit shall;
And they that cursed are of him
shall be destroyed all.
23 A good man's footsteps by the Lord
are ordered aright;
And in the way wherein he walks
he greatly doth delight.

24 Although he fall, yet shall he not
be cast down utterly;

Because the Lord with his own hand
upholds him mightily.
25 I have been young, and now am old,
yet have I never seen
The just man left, nor that his seed
for bread have beggars been.

26 He's ever merciful, and lends:
his seed is bless'd therefore.
27 Depart from evil, and do good,
and dwell for evermore.
28 For God loves judgment, and his saints
leaves not in any case;
They are kept ever: but cut off
shall be the sinner's race.

29 The just inherit shall the land,
and ever in it dwell:
30 The just man's mouth doth wisdom speak;
his tongue doth judgment tell.
31 In's heart the law is of his God,
his steps slide not away.
32 The wicked man doth watch the just,
and seeketh him to slay.

33 Yet him the Lord will not forsake,
nor leave him in his hands:
The righteous will he not condemn,
when he in judgment stands.
34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
and thee exalt shall he
Th' earth to inherit; when cut off
the wicked thou shalt see.

35 I saw the wicked great in pow'r,
spread like a green bay-tree:

36 He pass'd, yea, was not; him I sought,
but found he could not be.
37 Mark thou the perfect, and behold
the man of uprightness;
Because that surely of this man
the latter end is peace.

38 But those men that transgressors are
shall be destroy'd together;
The latter end of wicked men
shall be cut off for ever.
39 But the salvation of the just
is from the Lord above;
He in the time of their distress
their stay and strength doth prove.

40 The Lord shall help, and them deliver:
he shall them free and save
From wicked men; because in him
their confidence they have.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand,
in thy displeasure hot.
2 For in me fast thine arrows stick,
thine hand doth press me sore:
3 And in my flesh there is no health,
nor soundness any more.

This grief I have, because thy wrath
is forth against me gone;
And in my bones there is no rest,
for sin that I have done.

4 Because gone up above mine head
my great transgressions be;
And, as a weighty burden, they
too heavy are for me.

5 My wounds do stink, and are corrupt;
my folly makes it so.
6 I troubled am, and much bow'd down;
all day I mourning go.
7 For a disease that loathsome is
so fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary flesh
no soundness doth remain.

8 So feeble and infirm am I,
and broken am so sore,
That, through disquiet of my heart,
I have been made to roar.
9 O Lord, all that I do desire
is still before thine eye;
And of my heart the secret groans
not hidden are from thee.

10 My heart doth pant incessantly,
my strength doth quite decay;
As for mine eyes, their wonted light
is from me gone away.
11 My lovers and my friends do stand
at distance from my sore;
And those do stand aloof that were
kinsmen and kind before.

12 Yea, they that seek my life lay snares:
who seek to do me wrong
Speak things mischievous, and deceits
imagine all day long.

13 But, as one deaf, that heareth not,
I suffer'd all to pass;
I as a dumb man did become,
whose mouth not open'd was:

14 As one that hears not, in whose mouth
are no reproofs at all.
15 For, Lord, I hope in thee; my God,
thou'lt hear me when I call.
16 For I said, Hear me, lest they should
rejoice o'er me with pride;
And o'er me magnify themselves,
when as my foot doth slide.

17 For I am near to halt, my grief
is still before mine eye:
18 For I'll declare my sin, and grieve
for mine iniquity.
19 But yet mine en'mies lively are,
and strong are they beside;
And they that hate me wrongfully
are greatly multiply'd.

20 And they for good that render ill,
as en'mies me withstood;
Yea, ev'n for this, because that I
do follow what is good.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord; my God,
far from me never be.
22 O Lord, thou my salvation art,
haste to give help to me.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 I SAID, I will look to my ways,
lest with my tongue I sin:

In sight of wicked men my mouth
with bridle I'll keep in.
2 With silence I as dumb became,
I did myself restrain
From speaking good; but then the more
increased was my pain.

3 My heart within me waxed hot;
and, while I musing was,
The fire did burn; and from my tongue
these words I did let pass:
4 Mine end, and measure of my days,
O Lord, unto me show
What is the same; that I thereby
my frailty well may know.

5 Lo, thou my days an handbreadth mad'st;
mine age is in thine eye
As nothing: sure each man at best
is wholly vanity.
6 Sure each man walks in a vain show;
they vex themselves in vain:
He heaps up wealth, and doth not know
to whom it shall pertain.

7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
my hope is fix'd on thee.
8 Free me from all my trespasses,
the fool's scorn make not me.
9 Dumb was I, op'ning not my mouth,
because this work was thine.
10 Thy stroke take from me; by the blow
of thine hand I do pine.

11 When with rebukes thou dost correct
man for iniquity,

Thou wastes his beauty like a moth:
sure each man's vanity.
12 Attend my cry, Lord, at my tears
and pray'rs not silent be:
I sojourn as my fathers all,
and stranger am with thee.

13 O spare thou me, that I my strength
recover may again,
Before from hence I do depart,
and here no more remain.

PSALM XL.

1 I WAITED for the Lord my God,
and patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
my voice and cry to hear.
2 He took me from a fearful pit,
and from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
and on the Lord rely.
4 O blessed is the man whose trust
upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
as turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord my God, full many are
the wonders thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
above all thoughts are gone:

In order none can reckon them
to thee: if them declare,
And speak of them I would, they more
than can be number'd are.

6 No sacrifice nor offering
didst thou at all desire;
Mine ears thou bor'd: sin-off'ring thou
and burnt didst not require:
7 Then to the Lord these were my words,
I come, behold and see;
Within the volume of the book
it written is of me:

8 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;
Yea, that most holy law of thine
I have within my heart.
9 Within the congregation great
I righteousness did preach:
Lo, thou dost know, O Lord, that I
refrained not my speech.

10 I never did within my heart
conceal thy righteousness;
I thy salvation have declar'd,
and shown thy faithfulness:
Thy kindness, which most loving is,
concealed have not I,
Nor from the congregation great
have hid thy verity.

11 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me
O do thou not restrain:
Thy loving-kindness, and thy truth,
let them me still maintain.

12 For ills past reck'ning compass me,
and mine iniquities
Such hold upon me taken have,
I cannot lift mine eyes;

They more than hairs are on mine head,
thence is my heart dismay'd.
13 Be pleased, Lord, to rescue me;
Lord, hasten to mine aid.
14 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that seek my soul to kill;
Yea, let them backward driven be,
and sham'd, that wish me ill.

15 For a reward of this their shame
confounded let them be,
That in this manner scoffing say,
Aha, aha! to me.
16 In thee let all be glad, and joy,
who seeking thee abide;
Who thy salvation love, say still,
The Lord be magnify'd.

17 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
of me a care doth take:
Thou art my help and saviour,
my God, no tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.

1 BLESSED is he that wisely doth
the poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is,
the Lord will him deliver.
2 God will him keep, yea, save alive;
on earth he bless'd shall live;

And to his enemies' desire
thou wilt him not up give.

3 God will give strength when he on bed
of languishing doth mourn;
And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
thou all his bed wilt turn.
4 I said, O Lord, do thou extend
thy mercy unto me;
O do thou heal my soul; for why?
I have offended thee.

5 Those that to me are enemies,
of me do evil say,
When shall he die, that so his name
may perish quite away?
6 To see me if he comes, he speaks
vain words: but then his heart
Heaps mischief to it, which he tells,
when forth he doth depart.

7 My haters jointly whispering,
'gainst me my hurt devise.
8 Mischief, say they, cleaves fast to him;
he li'th, and shall not rise.
9 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
on whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, ev'n he his heel
against me lifted high.

10 But, Lord, be merciful to me,
and up again me raise,
That I may justly them requite
according to their ways.
11 By this I know that certainly
I favour'd am by thee;

Because my hateful enemy
triumphs not over me.

12 But as for me, thou me uphold'st
in mine integrity;
And me before thy countenance
thou sett'st continually.
13 The Lord, the God of Israel,
be bless'd for ever then,
From age to age eternally.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XLII.

1 LIKE as the hart for water-brooks
in thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
that come to thee I may.
2 My soul for God, the living God,
doth thirst: when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
and in God's sight appear?

3 My tears have unto me been meat,
both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say.
4 My soul is poured out in me,
when this I think upon;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone:

With them into God's house I went,
with voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
the solemn holy days.

5 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why in me so dismay'd?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,
his count'nance is mine aid.

6 My God, my soul's cast down in me;
thee therefore mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Hermonites,
and ev'n from Mizar hill.
7 At the noise of thy water-spouts
deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
yea, and thy billows all.

8 His loving-kindness yet the Lord
command will in the day,
His song's with me by night; to God,
by whom I live, I'll pray:
9 And I will say to God my rock,
Why me forgett'st thou so?
Why, for my foes' oppression,
thus mourning do I go?

10 'Tis as a sword within my bones,
when my foes me upbraid;
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy God?
'tis daily to me said.
11 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why, thus with grief opprest,
Art thou disquieted in me?
in God still hope and rest:

For yet I know I shall him praise,
who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
yea, mine own God is he.

1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
against th' ungodly nation;
From the unjust and crafty man,
O be thou my salvation.
2 For thou the God art of my strength;
why thrusts thou me thee fro'?
For th' enemy's oppression
why do I mourning go?

3 O send thy light forth and thy truth;
let them be guides to me,
And bring me to thine holy hill,
ev'n where thy dwellings be.
4 Then will I to God's altar go,
to God my chiefest joy:
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise
my harp I will employ.

5 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
what should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
disquieted in me?
Still trust in God; for him to praise
good cause I yet shall have:
He of my count'nance is the health,
my God that doth me save.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O GOD, we with our ears have heard,
our fathers have us told,
What works thou in their days hadst done,
ev'n in the days of old.
2 Thy hand did drive the heathen out,
and plant them in their place;

Thou didst afflict the nations,
but them thou didst increase.

3 For neither got their sword the land,
nor did their arm them save;
But thy right hand, arm, countenance;
for thou them favour gave.
4 Thou art my King: for Jacob, Lord,
deliv'rances command.
5 Through thee we shall push down our foes,
that do against us stand:

We, through thy name, shall tread down those
that ris'n against us have.
6 For in my bow I shall not trust,
nor shall my sword me save.
7 But from our foes thou hast us sav'd,
our haters put to shame.
8 In God we all the day do boast,
and ever praise thy name.

9 But now we are cast off by thee,
and us thou putt'st to shame;
And when our armies do go forth,
thou go'st not with the same.
10 Thou mak'st us from the enemy,
faint-hearted, to turn back;
And they who hate us for themselves
our spoils away do take.

11 Like sheep for meat thou gavest us;
'mong heathen cast we be.
12 Thou didst for nought thy people sell;
their price enrich'd not thee.
13 Thou mak'st us a reproach to be
unto our neighbours near;

Derision and a scorn to them
that round about us are.

14 A by-word also thou dost us
among the heathen make;
The people, in contempt and spite,
at us their heads do shake.
15 Before me my confusion
continually abides;
And of my bashful countenance
the shame me ever hides:

16 For voice of him that doth reproach,
and speaketh blasphemy;
By reason of th' avenging foe,
and cruel enemy.
17 All this is come on us, yet we
have not forgotten thee;
Nor falsely in thy covenant
behav'd ourselves have we.

18 Back from thy way our heart not turn'd;
our steps no straying made;
19 Though us thou brak'st in dragons' place,
and cover'dst with death's shade.
20 If we God's name forgot, or stretch'd
to a strange god our hands,
21 Shall not God search this out? for he
heart's secrets understands.

22 Yea, for thy sake we're kill'd all day,
counted as slaughter-sheep.
23 Rise, Lord, cast us not ever off;
awake, why dost thou sleep?
24 O wherefore hidest thou thy face?
forgett'st our cause distress'd,

25 And our oppression? For our soul
is to the dust down press'd:
Our belly also on the earth
fast cleaving, hold doth take.
26 Rise for our help, and us redeem,
ev'n for thy mercies' sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 MY heart brings forth a goodly thing;
my words that I indite
Concern the King: my tongue's a pen
of one that swift doth write.
2 Thou fairer art than sons of men:
into thy lips is store
Of grace infus'd; God therefore thee
hath bless'd for evermore.

3 O thou that art the mighty One,
thy sword gird on thy thigh;
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,
and with thy majesty.
4 For meekness, truth, and righteousness,
in state ride prosp'rously;
And thy right hand shall thee instruct
in things that fearful be.

5 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart
of th' en'mies of the King;
And under thy subjection
the people down do bring.
6 For ever and for ever is,
O God, thy throne of might;
The sceptre of thy kingdom is
a sceptre that is right.

7 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill;
for God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.
8 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
a smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.

9 Among thy women honourable
kings' daughters were at hand:
Upon thy right hand did the queen
in gold of Ophir stand.
10 O daughter, hearken and regard,
and do thine ear incline;
Likewise forget thy father's house,
and people that are thine.

11 Then of the King desir'd shall be
thy beauty veh'mently:
Because he is thy Lord, do thou
him worship rev'rently.
12 The daughter there of Tyre shall be
with gifts and off'rings great:
Those of the people that are rich
thy favour shall entreat.

13 Behold, the daughter of the King
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.
14 She shall be brought unto the King
in robes with needle wrought;
Her fellow-virgins following
shall unto thee be brought.

15 They shall be brought with gladness great,
and mirth on ev'ry side,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they shall abide.
16 Instead of those thy fathers dear,
thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.

17 Thy name remember'd I will make
through ages all to be:
The people therefore evermore
shall praises give to thee.

Another of the same.

1 MY heart inditing is
good matter in a song:
I speak the things that I have made,
which to the King belong:
My tongue shall be as quick,
his honour to indite,
As is the pen of any scribe
that useth fast to write.

2 Thou'rt fairest of all men;
grace in thy lips doth flow:
And therefore blessings evermore
on thee doth God bestow.
3 Thy sword gird on thy thigh,
thou that art most of might:
Appear in dreadful majesty,
and in thy glory bright.

4 For meekness, truth, and right,
ride prosp'rously in state;

And thy right hand shall teach to thee
things terrible and great.
5 Thy shafts shall pierce their hearts
that foes are to the King;
Whereby into subjection
the people thou shalt bring.

6 Thy royal seat, O Lord,
for ever shall remain:
The sceptre of thy kingdom doth
all righteousness maintain.
7 Thou lov'st right, and hat'st ill;
for God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.

8 Of myrrh and spices sweet
a smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.
9 And in thy glorious train
kings' daughters waiting stand;
And thy fair queen, in Ophir gold,
doth stand at thy right hand.

10 O daughter, take good heed,
incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
and father's house most dear.
11 Thy beauty to the King
shall then delightful be:
And do thou humbly worship him,
because thy Lord is he.

12 The daughter then of Tyre
there with a gift shall be,

And all the wealthy of the land
shall make their suit to thee.
13 The daughter of the King
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.

14 She cometh to the King
in robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
shall unto thee be brought.
15 They shall be brought with joy,
and mirth on ev'ry side,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they shall abide.

16 And in thy fathers' stead,
thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.
17 I will shew forth thy name
to generations all:
Therefore the people evermore
to thee give praises shall.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our refuge and our strength,
in straits a present aid;
2 Therefore, although the earth remove,
we will not be afraid:
Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
3 Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the hills
by swelling seas do shake.

4 A river is, whose streams do glad
the city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
most high hath his abode.
5 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
nothing shall her remove:
The Lord to her an helper will,
and that right early, prove.

6 The heathen rag'd tumultuously,
the kingdoms moved were:
The Lord God uttered his voice,
the earth did melt for fear.
7 The Lord of hosts upon our side
doth constantly remain:
The God of Jacob's our refuge,
us safely to maintain.

8 Come, and behold what wondrous works
have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, see what desolations
he on the earth hath brought.
9 Unto the ends of all the earth
wars into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
in fire the chariot burns.

10 Be still, and know that I am God;
among the heathen I
Will be exalted; I on earth
will be exalted high.
11 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
is still upon our side;
The God of Jacob our refuge
for ever will abide.

1 ALL people, clap your hands; to God
with voice of triumph shout:
2 For dreadful is the Lord most high,
great King the earth throughout.
3 The heathen people under us
he surely shall subdue;
And he shall make the nations
under our feet to bow.

4 The lot of our inheritance
chuse out for us shall he,
Of Jacob, whom he loved well,
ev'n the excellency.
5 God is with shouts gone up, the Lord
with trumpets sounding high.
6 Sing praise to God, sing praise, sing praise,
praise to our King sing ye.

7 For God is King of all the earth;
with knowledge praise express.
8 God rules the nations: God sits on
his throne of holiness.
9 The princes of the people are
assembled willingly;
Ev'n of the God of Abraham
they who the people be.

For why? the shields that do defend
the earth are only his:
They to the Lord belong; yea, he
exalted greatly is.

PSALM XLVIII.

1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
is to be praised still,

Within the city of our God,
upon his holy hill.
2 Mount Sion stands most beautiful,
the joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
on her north side doth stand.

3 The Lord within her palaces
is for a refuge known.
4 For, lo, the kings that gather'd were
together, by have gone.
5 But when they did behold the same,
they, wond'ring, would not stay;
But, being troubled at the sight,
they thence did haste away.

6 Great terror there took hold on them;
they were possess'd with fear;
Their grief came like a woman's pain,
when she a child doth bear.
7 Thou Tarshish ships with east wind break'st:
8 As we have heard it told,
So, in the city of the Lord,
our eyes did it behold;

In our God's city, which his hand
for ever stablish will.
9 We of thy loving-kindness thought,
Lord, in thy temple still.
10 O Lord, according to thy name,
through all the earth's thy praise;
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
of righteousness always.

11 Because thy judgments are made known,
let Sion mount rejoice;

Of Judah let the daughters all
send forth a cheerful voice.
12 Walk about Sion, and go round;
the high tow'rs thereof tell:
13 Consider ye her palaces,
and mark her bulwarks well;

That ye may tell posterity.
14 For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore; he will
ev'n unto death us guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1 HEAR this, all people, and give ear,
all in the world that dwell;
2 Both low and high, both rich and poor.
3 My mouth shall wisdom tell:
My heart shall knowledge meditate.
4 I will incline mine ear
To parables, and on the harp
my sayings dark declare.

5 Amidst those days that evil be,
why should I, fearing, doubt?
When of my heels th' iniquity
shall compass me about.
6 Whoe'er they be that in their wealth
their confidence do pitch,
And boast themselves, because they are
become exceeding rich:

7 Yet none of these his brother can
redeem by any way;
Nor can he unto God for him
sufficient ransom pay,

8 (Their soul's redemption precious is,
and it can never be,)
9 That still he should for ever live,
and not corruption see.

10 For why? he seeth that wise men die,
and brutish fools also
Do perish; and their wealth, when dead,
to others they let go.
11 Their inward thought is, that their house
and dwelling-places shall
Stand through all ages; they their lands
by their own names do call.

12 But yet in honour shall not man
abide continually;
But passing hence, may be compar'd
unto the beasts that die.
13 Thus brutish folly plainly is
their wisdom and their way;
Yet their posterity approve
what they do fondly say.

14 Like sheep they in the grave are laid,
and death shall them devour;
And in the morning upright men
shall over them have pow'r:
Their beauty from their dwelling shall
consume within the grave.
15 But from hell's hand God will me free,
for he shall me receive.

16 Be thou not then afraid when one
enriched thou dost see,
Nor when the glory of his house
advanced is on high:

17 For he shall carry nothing hence
when death his days doth end;
Nor shall his glory after him
into the grave descend.

18 Although he his own soul did bless
whilst he on earth did live;
(And when thou to thyself dost well,
men will thee praises give;)
19 He to his fathers' race shall go,
they never shall see light.
20 Man honour'd wanting knowledge is
like beasts that perish quite.

PSALM L.

1 THE mighty God, the Lord,
hath spoken, and did call
The earth, from rising of the sun,
to where he hath his fall.
2 From out of Sion hill,
which of excellency
And beauty the perfection is,
God shined gloriously.

3 Our God shall surely come,
keep silence shall not he:
Before him fire shall waste, great storms
shall round about him be.
4 Unto the heavens clear
he from above shall call,
And to the earth likewise, that he
may judge his people all.

5 Together let my saints
unto me gather'd be,

Those that by sacrifice have made
a covenant with me.
6 And then the heavens shall
his righteousness declare:
Because the Lord himself is he
by whom men judged are.

7 My people Isr'el hear,
speak will I from on high,
Against thee I will testify;
God, ev'n thy God, am I.
8 I for thy sacrifice
no blame will on thee lay,
Nor for burnt-off'rings, which to me
thou offer'dst ev'ry day.

9 I'll take no calf nor goats
from house or fold of thine:
10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
on thousand hills, are mine.
11 The fowls on mountains high
are all to me well known;
Wild beasts which in the fields do lie,
ev'n they are all mine own.

12 Then, if I hungry were,
I would not tell it thee;
Because the world, and fulness all
thereof, belongs to me.
13 Will I eat flesh of bulls?
or goats' blood drink will I?
14 Thanks offer thou to God, and pay
thy vows to the most High.

15 And call upon me when
in trouble thou shalt be;

I will deliver thee, and thou
my name shalt glorify.
16 But to the wicked man
God saith, My laws and truth
Should'st thou declare? how dar'st thou take
my cov'nant in thy mouth?

17 Sith thou instruction hat'st,
which should thy ways direct;
And sith my words behind thy back
thou cast'st, and dost reject.
18 When thou a thief didst see,
with him thou didst consent;
And with the vile adulterers
partaker on thou went.

19 Thou giv'st thy mouth to ill,
thy tongue deceit doth frame;
20 Thou sitt'st, and 'gainst thy brother speak'st,
thy mother's son dost shame.
21 Because I silence kept,
while thou these things hast wrought;
That I was altogether like
thyself, hath been thy thought:

Yet I will thee reprove,
and set before thine eyes,
In order ranked, thy misdeeds,
and thine iniquities.
22 Now, ye that God forget,
this carefully consider;
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
and none can you deliver.

23 Whoso doth offer praise
me glorifies; and I

Will shew him God's salvation,
that orders right his way.

Another of the same.

1 THE mighty God, the Lord, hath spoke,
and call'd the earth upon,
Ev'n from the rising of the sun
unto his going down.
2 From out of Sion, his own hill,
where the perfection high
Of beauty is, from thence the Lord
hath shined gloriously.

3 Our God shall come, and shall no more
be silent, but speak out:
Before him fire shall waste, great storms
shall compass him about.
4 He to the heavens from above,
and to the earth below,
Shall call, that he his judgments may
before his people show.

5 Let all my saints together be
unto me gathered;
Those that by sacrifice with me
a covenant have made.
6 And then the heavens shall declare
his righteousness abroad:
Because the Lord himself doth come;
none else is judge but God.

7 Hear, O my people, and I'll speak;
O Israel by name,
Against thee I will testify;
God, ev'n thy God, I am.

8 I for thy sacrifices few
reprove thee never will,
Nor for burnt-off'rings to have been
before me offer'd still.

9 I'll take no bullock nor he-goats
from house nor folds of thine:
10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
on thousand hills, are mine.
11 The fowls are all to me well known
that mountains high do yield;
And I do challenge as mine own
the wild beasts of the field.

12 If I were hungry, I would not
to thee for need complain;
For earth, and all its fulness, doth
to me of right pertain.
13 That I to eat the flesh of bulls
take pleasure dost thou think?
Or that I need, to quench my thirst,
the blood of goats to drink?

14 Nay, rather unto me, thy God,
thanksgiving offer thou:
To the most High perform thy word,
and fully pay thy vow:
15 And in the day of trouble great
see that thou call on me;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name shalt glorify.

16 But God unto the wicked saith,
Why should'st thou mention make
Of my commands? how dar'st thou in
thy mouth my cov'nant take?

17 Sith it is so that thou dost hate
all good instruction;
And sith thou cast'st behind thy back,
and slight'st my words each one.

18 When thou a thief didst see, then straight
thou join'dst with him in sin,
And with the vile adulterers
thou hast partaker been.
19 Thy mouth to evil thou dost give,
thy tongue deceit doth frame.
20 Thou sitt'st, and 'gainst thy brother speak'st,
thy mother's son to shame.

21 These things thou wickedly hast done,
and I have silent been:
Thou thought'st that I was like thyself,
and did approve thy sin:
But I will sharply thee reprove,
and I will order right
Thy sins and thy transgressions
in presence of thy sight.

22 Consider this, and be afraid,
ye that forget the Lord,
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
when none can help afford.
23 Who off'reth praise me glorifies:
I will shew God's salvation
To him that ordereth aright
his life and conversation.

PSALM LI.

1 AFTER thy loving-kindness, Lord,
have mercy upon me:

For thy compassions great, blot out
all mine iniquity.
2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly wash
from mine iniquity:
3 For my transgressions I confess;
my sin I ever see.

4 'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinn'd,
in thy sight done this ill;
That when thou speak'st thou may'st be just,
and clear in judging still.
5 Behold, I in iniquity
was form'd the womb within;
My mother also me conceiv'd
in guiltiness and sin.

6 Behold, thou in the inward parts
with truth delighted art;
And wisdom thou shalt make me know
within the hidden part.
7 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
I shall be cleansed so;
Yea, wash thou me, and then I shall
be whiter than the snow.

8 Of gladness and of joyfulness
make me to hear the voice;
That so these very bones which thou
hast broken may rejoice.
9 All mine iniquities blot out,
thy face hide from my sin.
10 Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
a right sp'rit me within.

11 Cast me not from thy sight, nor take
thy Holy Sp'rit away.

12 Restore me thy salvation's joy;
with thy free Sp'rit me stay.
13 Then will I teach thy ways unto
those that transgressors be;
And those that sinners are shall then
be turned unto thee.

14 O God, of my salvation God,
me from blood-guiltiness
Set free; then shall my tongue aloud
sing of thy righteousness.
15 My closed lips, O Lord, by thee
let them be opened;
Then shall thy praises by my mouth
abroad be published.

16 For thou desir'st not sacrifice,
else would I give it thee;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
at all delighted be.
17 A broken spirit is to God
a pleasing sacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise.

18 Shew kindness, and do good, O Lord,
to Sion, thine own hill:
The walls of thy Jerusalem
build up of thy good will.
19 Then righteous off'rings shall thee please,
and off'rings burnt, which they
With whole burnt-off'rings, and with calves,
shall on thine altar lay.

1 WHY dost thou boast, O mighty man,
of mischief and of ill?
The goodness of Almighty God
endureth ever still.
2 Thy tongue mischievous calumnies
deviseth subtilely,
Like to a razor sharp to cut,
working deceitfully.

3 Ill more than good, and more than truth
thou lovest to speak wrong:
4 Thou lovest all-devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.
5 So God shall thee destroy for aye,
remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy house, out of the land
of life he shall thee root.

6 The righteous shall it see, and fear,
and laugh at him they shall:
7 Lo, this the man is that did not
make God his strength at all:
But he in his abundant wealth
his confidence did place;
And he took strength unto himself
from his own wickedness.

8 But I am in the house of God
like to an olive green:
My confidence for ever hath
upon God's mercy been.
9 And I for ever will thee praise,
because thou hast done this:
I on thy name will wait; for good
before thy saints it is.

1 THAT there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude:
They are corrupt, their works are vile,
not one of them doth good.
2 The Lord upon the sons of men
from heav'n did cast his eyes,
To see if any one there was
that sought God, and was wise.

3 They altogether filthy are,
they all are backward gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
no, not so much as one.
4 These workers of iniquity,
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?

5 Ev'n there they were afraid, and stood
with trembling, all dismay'd,
Whereas there was no cause at all
why they should be afraid:
For God his bones that thee besieg'd
hath scatter'd all abroad;
Thou hast confounded them, for they
despised are of God.

6 Let Isr'el's help from Sion come:
when back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
and Israel shall sing.

PSALM LIV.

1 SAVE me, O God, by thy great name,
and judge me by thy strength:

2 My prayer hear, O God; give ear
unto my words at length.
3 For they that strangers are to me
do up against me rise;
Oppressors seek my soul, and God
set not before their eyes.

4 The Lord my God my helper is,
lo, therefore I am bold:
He taketh part with ev'ry one
that doth my soul uphold.
5 Unto mine enemies he shall
mischief and ill repay:
O for thy truth's sake cut them off,
and sweep them clean away.

6 I will a sacrifice to thee
give with free willingness;
Thy name, O Lord, because 'tis good,
with praise I will confess.
7 For he hath me delivered
from all adversities;
And his desire mine eye hath seen
upon mine enemies.

PSALM LV.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, hide not thyself
from my entreating voice:
2 Attend and hear me; in my plaint
I mourn and make a noise.
3 Because of th' en'my's voice, and for
lewd men's oppression great:
On me they cast iniquity,
and they in wrath me hate.

4 Sore pain'd within me is my heart:
death's terrors on me fall.
5 On me comes trembling, fear and dread
o'erwhelmed me withal.
6 O that I, like a dove, had wings,
said I, then would I flee
Far hence, that I might find a place
where I in rest might be.

7 Lo, then far off I wander would,
and in the desert stay;
8 From windy storm and tempest I
would haste to 'scape away.
9 O Lord, on them destruction bring,
and do their tongues divide;
For in the city violence
and strife I have espy'd.

10 They day and night upon the walls
do go about it round:
There mischief is, and sorrow there
in midst of it is found.
11 Abundant wickedness there is
within her inward part;
And from her streets deceitfulness
and guile do not depart.

12 He was no foe that me reproach'd,
then that endure I could;
Nor hater that did 'gainst me boast,
from him me hide I would.
13 But thou, man, who mine equal, guide,
and mine acquaintance wast:
14 We join'd sweet counsels, to God's house
in company we past.

5 Let death upon them seize, and down
let them go quick to hell;
For wickedness doth much abound
among them where they dwell.
6 I'll call on God: God will me save.
7 I'll pray, and make a noise
At ev'ning, morning, and at noon;
and he shall hear my voice.

8 He hath my soul delivered,
that it in peace might be
From battle that against me was;
for many were with me.
9 The Lord shall hear, and them afflict,
of old who hath abode:
Because they never changes have,
therefore they fear not God.

0 'Gainst those that were at peace with him
he hath put forth his hand:
The covenant that he had made,
by breaking he profan'd.
1 More smooth than butter were his words,
while in his heart was war;
His speeches were more soft than oil,
and yet drawn swords they are.

2 Cast thou thy burden on the Lord,
and he shall thee sustain;
Yea, he shall cause the righteous man
unmoved to remain.
3 But thou, O Lord my God, those men
in justice shalt o'erthrow,
And in destruction's dungeon dark
at last shalt lay them low:

The bloody and deceitful men
shall not live half their days:
But upon thee with confidence
I will depend always.

PSALM LVI.

1 SHEW mercy, Lord, to me, for man
would swallow me outright;
He me oppresseth, while he doth
against me daily fight.
2 They daily would me swallow up
that hate me spitefully;
For they be many that do fight
against me, O most High.

3 When I'm afraid I'll trust in thee:
4 In God I'll praise his word;
I will not fear what flesh can do,
my trust is in the Lord.
5 Each day they wrest my words; their thoughts
'gainst me are all for ill.
6 They meet, they lurk, they mark my steps,
waiting my soul to kill.

7 But shall they by iniquity
escape thy judgments so?
O God, with indignation down
do thou the people throw.
8 My wand'rings all what they have been
thou know'st, their number took;
Into thy bottle put my tears:
are they not in thy book?

9 My foes shall, when I cry, turn back;
I know't, God is for me.

10 In God his word I'll praise; his word
in God shall praised be.
11 In God I trust; I will not fear
what man can do to me.
12 Thy vows upon me are, O God;
I'll render praise to thee.

13 Wilt thou not, who from death me sav'd,
my feet from falls keep free,
To walk before God in the light
of those that living be?

PSALM LVII.

1 BE merciful to me, O God;
thy mercy unto me
Do thou extend; because my soul
doth put her trust in thee:
Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
my refuge I will place,
Until these sad calamities
do wholly overpass.

2 My cry I will cause to ascend
unto the Lord most high;
To God, who doth all things for me
perform most perfectly.
3 From heav'n he shall send down, and me
from his reproach defend
That would devour me: God his truth
and mercy forth shall send.

4 My soul among fierce lions is,
I firebrands live among,
Men's sons, whose teeth are spears and darts,
a sharp sword is their tongue.

5 Be thou exalted very high
above the heav'ns, O God;
Let thou thy glory be advanc'd
o'er all the earth abroad.

6 My soul's bow'd down; for they a net
have laid, my steps to snare:
Into the pit which they have digg'd
for me, they fallen are.
7 My heart is fix'd, my heart is fix'd,
O God; I'll sing and praise.
8 My glory wake; wake psalt'ry, harp;
myself I'll early raise.

9 I'll praise thee 'mong the people, Lord;
'mong nations sing will I:
10 For great to heav'n thy mercy is,
thy truth is to the sky.
11 O Lord, exalted be thy name
above the heav'ns to stand:
Do thou thy glory far advance
above both sea and land.

PSALM LVIII.

1 DO ye, O congregation,
indeed speak righteousness?
O ye that are the sons of men,
judge ye with uprightness?
2 Yea, ev'n within your very hearts
ye wickedness have done;
And ye the vi'lence of your hands
do weigh the earth upon.

3 The wicked men estranged are,
ev'n from the very womb;

They, speaking lies, do stray as soon
as to the world they come.
4 Unto a serpent's poison like
their poison doth appear;
Yea, they are like the adder deaf,
that closely stops her ear;

5 That so she may not hear the voice
of one that charm her would,
No, not though he most cunning were,
and charm most wisely could.
6 Their teeth, O God, within their mouth
break thou in pieces small;
The great teeth break thou out, O Lord,
of these young lions all.

7 Let them like waters melt away,
which downward still do flow:
In pieces cut his arrows all,
when he shall bend his bow.
8 Like to a snail that melts away,
let each of them be gone;
Like woman's birth untimely, that
they never see the sun.

9 He shall them take away before
your pots the thorns can find,
Both living, and in fury great,
as with a stormy wind.
10 The righteous, when he vengeance sees,
he shall be joyful then;
The righteous one shall wash his feet
in blood of wicked men.

11 So men shall say, The righteous man
reward shall never miss:

And verily upon the earth
a God to judge there is.

PSALM LIX.

1 MY God, deliver me from those
that are mine enemies;
And do thou me defend from those
that up against me rise.
2 Do thou deliver me from them
that work iniquity;
And give me safety from the men
of bloody cruelty.

3 For, lo, they for my soul lay wait:
the mighty do combine
Against me, Lord; not for my fault,
nor any sin of mine.
4 They run, and, without fault in me,
themselves do ready make:
Awake to meet me with thy help;
and do thou notice take.

5 Awake therefore, Lord God of hosts,
thou God of Israel,
To visit heathen all: spare none
that wickedly rebel.
6 At ev'ning they go to and fro;
they make great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.

7 Behold, they belch out with their mouth,
and in their lips are swords:
For they do say thus, Who is he
that now doth hear our words?

8 But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them,
and all the heathen mock.
9 While he's in pow'r I'll wait on thee;
for God is my high rock.

10 He of my mercy that is God
betimes shall me prevent;
Upon mine en'mies God shall let
me see mine heart's content.
11 Them slay not, lest my folk forget;
but scatter them abroad
By thy strong pow'r; and bring them down,
O thou our shield and God.

12 For their mouth's sin, and for the words
that from their lips do fly,
Let them be taken in their pride;
because they curse and lie.
13 In wrath consume them, them consume,
that so they may not be:
And that in Jacob God doth rule
to th' earth's ends let them see.

14 At ev'ning let thou them return,
making great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
15 And let them wander up and down,
in seeking food to eat;
And let them grudge when they shall not
be satisfy'd with meat.

16 But of thy pow'r I'll sing aloud;
at morn thy mercy praise:
For thou to me my refuge wast,
and tow'r, in troublous days.

17 O God, thou art my strength, I will
sing praises unto thee;
For God is my defence, a God
of mercy unto me.

PSALM LX.

1 O LORD, thou hast rejected us,
and scatter'd us abroad;
Thou justly hast displeased been;
return to us, O God.
2 The earth to tremble thou hast made;
therein didst breaches make:
Do thou thereof the breaches heal,
because the land doth shake.

3 Unto thy people thou hard things
hast shew'd, and on them sent;
And thou hast caused us to drink
wine of astonishment.
4 And yet a banner thou hast giv'n
to them who thee do fear;
That it by them, because of truth,
displayed may appear.

5 That thy beloved people may
deliver'd be from thrall,
Save with the pow'r of thy right hand,
and hear me when I call.
6 God in his holiness hath spoke;
herein I will take pleasure:
Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley measure.

7 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Manasseh mine shall be;

Ephraim is of mine head the strength;
Judah gives laws for me;
8 Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
I'll over Edom throw;
And over Palestina's land
I will in triumph go.

9 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?
O who is he that to the land
of Edom will me guide?
10 O God, which hadest us cast off,
this thing wilt thou not do?
Ev'n thou, O God, which didest not
forth with our armies go?

11 Help us from trouble; for the help
is vain which man supplies.
12 Through God we'll do great acts; he shall
tread down our enemies.

PSALM LXI.

1 O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
unto my pray'r attend.
2 From th' utmost corner of the land
my cry to thee I'll send.
What time my heart is overwhelm'd,
and in perplexity,
Do thou me lead unto the Rock
that higher is than I.

3 For thou hast for my refuge been
a shelter by thy pow'r;
And for defence against my foes
thou hast been a strong tow'r.

4 Within thy tabernacle I
for ever will abide;
And under covert of thy wings
with confidence me hide.

5 For thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord my God, didst hear:
Thou hast giv'n me the heritage
of those thy name that fear.
6 A life prolong'd for many days
thou to the king shalt give;
Like many generations be
the years which he shall live.

7 He in God's presence his abode
for evermore shall have:
O do thou truth and mercy both
prepare, that may him save.
8 And so will I perpetually
sing praise unto thy name;
That having made my vows, I may
each day perform the same.

PSALM LXII.

1 MY soul with expectation
depends on God indeed;
My strength and my salvation doth
from him alone proceed.
2 He only my salvation is,
and my strong rock is he:
He only is my sure defence;
much mov'd I shall not be.

3 How long will ye against a man
plot mischief? ye shall all

Be slain; ye as a tott'ring fence
shall be, and bowing wall.
4 They only plot to cast him down
from his excellency:
They joy in lies; with mouth they bless,
but they curse inwardly.

5 My soul, wait thou with patience
upon thy God alone;
On him dependeth all my hope
and expectation.
6 He only my salvation is,
and my strong rock is he;
He only is my sure defence:
I shall not moved be.

7 In God my glory placed is,
and my salvation sure;
In God the rock is of my strength,
my refuge most secure.
8 Ye people, place your confidence
in him continually;
Before him pour ye out your heart:
God is our refuge high.

9 Surely mean men are vanity,
and great men are a lie;
In balance laid, they wholly are
more light than vanity.
10 Trust ye not in oppression,
in robb'ry be not vain;
On wealth set not your hearts, when as
increased is your gain.

11 God hath it spoken once to me,
yea, this I heard again,

That power to Almighty God
alone doth appertain.
12 Yea, mercy also unto thee
belongs, O Lord, alone:
For thou according to his work
rewardest ev'ry one.

PSALM LXIII.

1 LORD, thee my God, I'll early seek:
my soul doth thirst for thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
wherein no waters be:
2 That I thy power may behold,
and brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
within thy holy place.

3 Since better is thy love than life,
my lips thee praise shall give.
4 I in thy name will lift my hands,
and bless thee while I live.
5 Ev'n as with marrow and with fat
my soul shall filled be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
sing praises unto thee:

6 When I do thee upon my bed
remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
in watches of the night.
7 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy;
for thou mine help hast been.
8 My soul thee follows hard; and me
thy right hand doth sustain.

9 Who seek my soul to spill shall sink
down to earth's lowest room.
10 They by the sword shall be cut off,
and foxes' prey become.
11 Yet shall the king in God rejoice,
and each one glory shall
That swear by him: but stopp'd shall be
the mouth of liars all.

PSALM LXIV.

1 WHEN I to thee my prayer make,
Lord, to my voice give ear;
My life save from the enemy,
of whom I stand in fear.
2 Me from their secret counsel hide
who do live wickedly;
From insurrection of those men
that work iniquity:

3 Who do their tongues with malice whet,
and make them cut like swords;
In whose bent bows are arrows set,
ev'n sharp and bitter words:
4 That they may at the perfect man
in secret aim their shot;
Yea, suddenly they dare at him
to shoot, and fear it not.

5 In ill encourage they themselves,
and their snares close do lay:
Together conference they have;
Who shall them see? they say.
6 They have search'd out iniquities,
a perfect search they keep:

Of each of them the inward thought,
and very heart, is deep.

7 God shall an arrow shoot at them,
and wound them suddenly:
8 So their own tongue shall them confound;
all who them see shall fly.
9 And on all men a fear shall fall,
God's works they shall declare;
For they shall wisely notice take
what these his doings are.

10 In God the righteous shall rejoice,
and trust upon his might;
Yea, they shall greatly glory all
in heart that are upright.

PSALM LXV.

1 PRAISE waits for thee in Sion, Lord:
to thee vows paid shall be.
2 O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
all flesh shall come to thee.
3 Iniquities, I must confess,
prevail against me do:
But as for our transgressions,
them purge away shalt thou.

4 Bless'd is the man whom thou dost chuse,
and mak'st approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
may still a dweller be:
We surely shall be satisfy'd
with thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
ev'n of thy holy place.

5 O God of our salvation,
thou, in thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our pray'rs
thine answer dost express:
Therefore the ends of all the earth,
and those afar that be
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in thee.

6 Who, being girt with pow'r, sets fast
by his great strength the hills.
7 Who noise of seas, noise of their waves,
and people's tumult, stills.
8 Those in the utmost parts that dwell
are at thy signs afraid:
Th' outgoings of the morn and ev'n
by thee are joyful made.

9 The earth thou visit'st, wat'ring it;
thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood; thou corn prepar'st,
when thou provid'st it so.
10 Her rigs thou wat'rest plenteously,
her furrows settelest:
With show'rs thou dost her mollify,
her spring by thee is blest.

11 So thou the year most lib'rally
dost with thy goodness crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
on us drop fatness down.
12 They drop upon the pastures wide,
that do in deserts lie;
The little hills on ev'ry side
rejoice right pleasantly.

13 With flocks the pastures clothed be,
the vales with corn are clad;
And now they shout and sing to thee,
for thou hast made them glad.

PSALM LXVI.

1 ALL lands to God, in joyful sounds,
aloft your voices raise.
2 Sing forth the honour of his name,
and glorious make his praise.
3 Say unto God, How terrible
in all thy works art thou!
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to thee
shall be constrain'd to bow.

4 All on the earth shall worship thee,
they shall thy praise proclaim
In songs: they shall sing cheerfully
unto thy holy name.
5 Come, and the works that God hath wrought
with admiration see:
In's working to the sons of men
most terrible is he.

6 Into dry land the sea he turn'd,
and they a passage had;
Ev'n marching through the flood on foot,
there we in him were glad.
7 He ruleth ever by his pow'r;
his eyes the nations see:
O let not the rebellious ones
lift up themselves on high.

8 Ye people, bless our God; aloud
the voice speak of his praise:

9 Our soul in life who safe preserves,
our foot from sliding stays.
10 For thou didst prove and try us, Lord,
as men do silver try;
11 Brought'st us into the net, and mad'st
bands on our loins to lie.

12 Thou hast caus'd men ride o'er our heads;
and though that we did pass
Through fire and water, yet thou brought'st
us to a wealthy place.
13 I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy house;
to thee my vows I'll pay,
14 Which my lips utter'd, my mouth spake,
when trouble on me lay.

15 Burnt-sacrifices of fat rams
with incense I will bring;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
present an offering.
16 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
what he did for my soul.
17 I with my mouth unto him cry'd,
my tongue did him extol.

18 If in my heart I sin regard,
the Lord me will not hear:
19 But surely God me heard, and to
my prayer's voice gave ear.
20 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
for ever blessed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
nor yet his grace from me.

1 LORD, bless and pity us,
shine on us with thy face:
2 That th' earth thy way, and nations all
may know thy saving grace.
3 Let people praise thee, Lord;
let people all thee praise.
4 O let the nations be glad,
in songs their voices raise:

Thou'lt justly people judge,
on earth rule nations all.
5 Let people praise thee, Lord; let them
praise thee, both great and small.
6 The earth her fruit shall yield,
our God shall blessing send.
7 God shall us bless; men shall him fear
unto earth's utmost end.

Another of the same.

1 LORD, unto us be merciful,
do thou us also bless;
And graciously cause shine on us
the brightness of thy face:
2 That so thy way upon the earth
to all men may be known;
Also among the nations all
thy saving health be shown.

3 O let the people praise thee, Lord;
let people all thee praise.
4 O let the nations be glad,
and sing for joy always:
For rightly thou shalt people judge,
and nations rule on earth.

5 Let people praise thee, Lord; let all
the folk praise thee with mirth.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase;
God, our God, bless us shall.
7 God shall us bless; and of the earth
the ends shall fear him all.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God arise, and scattered
let all his en'mies be;
And let all those that do him hate
before his presence flee.
2 As smoke is driv'n, so drive thou them;
as fire melts wax away,
Before God's face let wicked men
so perish and decay.

3 But let the righteous be glad:
let them before God's sight
Be very joyful; yea, let them
rejoice with all their might.
4 To God sing, to his name sing praise:
extol him with your voice,
That rides on heav'n, by his name JAH,
before his face rejoice.

5 Because the Lord a father is
unto the fatherless;
God is the widow's judge, within
his place of holiness.
6 God doth the solitary set
in fam'lies: and from bands
The chain'd doth free; but rebels do
inhabit parched lands.

7 O God, what time thou didst go forth
before thy people's face;
And when through the great wilderness
thy glorious marching was;
8 Then at God's presence shook the earth,
then drops from heaven fell;
This Sinai shook before the Lord,
the God of Israel.

9 O God, thou to thine heritage
didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
didst it refresh again.
10 Thy congregation then did make
their habitation there:
Of thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.

11 The Lord himself did give the word,
the word abroad did spread;
Great was the company of them
the same who published.
12 Kings of great armies foiled were,
and forc'd to flee away;
And women, who remain'd at home,
did distribute the prey.

13 Though ye have lien among the pots,
like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver, and with gold
whose feathers cover'd are.
14 When there th' Almighty scatter'd kings,
like Salmon's snow 'twas white.
15 God's hill is like to Bashan hill,
like Bashan hill for height.

16 Why do ye leap, ye mountains high?
this is the hill where God
Desires to dwell; yea, God in it
for aye will make abode.
17 God's chariots twenty thousand are,
thousands of angels strong;
In's holy place God is, as in
mount Sinai, them among.

18 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious,
ascended up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
captive captivity:
Thou hast received gifts for men,
for such as did rebel;
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
in midst of them might dwell.

19 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us
of our salvation God;
Who daily with his benefits
us plenteously doth load.
20 He of salvation is the God,
who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
the issues do belong.

21 But surely God shall wound the head
of those that are his foes;
The hairy scalp of him that still
on in his trespass goes.
22 God said, My people I will bring
again from Bashan hill;
Yea, from the sea's devouring depths
them bring again I will;

23 That in the blood of enemies
thy foot imbru'd may be,
And of thy dogs dipp'd in the same
the tongues thou mayest see.
24 Thy goings they have seen, O God;
the steps of majesty
Of my God, and my mighty King,
within the sanctuary.

25 Before went singers, players next
on instruments took way;
And them among the damsels were
that did on timbrels play.
26 Within the congregations
bless God with one accord:
From Isr'el's fountain do ye bless
and praise the mighty Lord.

27 With their prince, little Benjamin,
princes and council there
Of Judah were, there Zabulon's
and Napht'li's princes were.
28 Thy God commands thy strength; make strong
what thou wrought'st for us, Lord.
29 For thy house at Jerusalem
kings shall thee gifts afford.

30 The spearmen's host, the multitude
of bulls, which fiercely look,
Those calves which people have forth sent,
O Lord our God, rebuke,
Till ev'ry one submit himself,
and silver pieces bring:
The people that delight in war
disperse, O God and King.

31 Those that be princes great shall then
come out of Egypt lands;
And Ethiopia to God
shall soon stretch out her hands.
32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
sing praises to this King;
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
unto him praises sing.

33 To him that rides on heav'ns of heav'ns,
which he of old did found;
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
in might that doth abound.
34 Strength unto God do ye ascribe;
for his excellency
Is over Israel, his strength
is in the clouds most high.

35 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful, Lord;
Isr'el's own God is he,
Who gives his people strength and pow'r:
O let God blessed be.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, because the floods
do so environ me,
That ev'n unto my very soul
come in the waters be.
2 I downward in deep mire do sink,
where standing there is none:
I am into deep waters come,
where floods have o'er me gone.

3 I weary with my crying am,
my throat is also dry'd;

Mine eyes do fail, while for my God
I waiting do abide.
4 Those men that do without a cause
bear hatred unto me,
Than are the hairs upon my head
in number more they be:

They that would me destroy, and are
mine en'mies wrongfully,
Are mighty: so what I took not,
to render forc'd was I.
5 Lord, thou my folly know'st, my sins
not cover'd are from thee.
6 Let none that wait on thee be sham'd,
Lord God of hosts, for me.

O Lord, the God of Israel,
let none, who search do make,
And seek thee, be at any time
confounded for my sake.
7 For I have borne reproach for thee,
my face is hid with shame.
8 To brethren strange, to mother's sons
an alien I became.

9 Because the zeal did eat me up,
which to thine house I bear;
And the reproaches cast at thee,
upon me fallen are.
10 My tears and fasts, t' afflict my soul,
were turned to my shame.
11 When sackcloth I did wear, to them
a proverb I became.

12 The men that in the gate do sit
against me evil spake;

They also that vile drunkards were,
of me their song did make.
13 But, in an acceptable time,
my pray'r, Lord, is to thee:
In truth of thy salvation, Lord,
and mercy great, hear me.

14 Deliver me out of the mire,
from sinking do me keep;
Free me from those that do me hate,
and from the waters deep.
15 Let not the flood on me prevail,
whose water overflows;
Nor deep me swallow, nor the pit
her mouth upon me close.

16 Hear me, O Lord, because thy love
and kindness is most good;
Turn unto me, according to
thy mercies' multitude.
17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face:
I'm troubled, soon attend.
18 Draw near my soul, and it redeem;
me from my foes defend.

19 To thee is my reproach well known,
my shame, and my disgrace:
Those that mine adversaries be
are all before thy face.
20 Reproach hath broke my heart; I'm full
of grief: I look'd for one
To pity me, but none I found;
comforters found I none.

21 They also bitter gall did give
unto me for my meat:

They gave me vinegar to drink,
when as my thirst was great.
22 Before them let their table prove
a snare; and do thou make
Their welfare and prosperity
a trap themselves to take.

23 Let thou their eyes so darken'd be,
that sight may them forsake;
And let their loins be made by thee
continually to shake.
24 Thy fury pour thou out on them,
and indignation;
And let thy wrathful anger, Lord,
fast hold take them upon.

25 All waste and desolate let be
their habitation;
And in their tabernacles all
inhabitants be none.
26 Because him they do persecute,
whom thou didst smite before;
They talk unto the grief of those
whom thou hast wounded sore.

27 Add thou iniquity unto
their former wickedness;
And do not let them come at all
into thy righteousness.
28 Out of the book of life let them
be raz'd and blotted quite;
Among the just and righteous
let not their names be writ.

29 But now become exceeding poor
and sorrowful am I:

By thy salvation, O my God,
let me be set on high.
30 The name of God I with a song
most cheerfully will praise;
And I, in giving thanks to him,
his name shall highly raise.

31 This to the Lord a sacrifice
more gracious shall prove
Than bullock, ox, or any beast
that hath both horn and hoof.
32 When this the humble men shall see,
it joy to them shall give:
O all ye that do seek the Lord,
your hearts shall ever live.

33 For God the poor hears, and will not
his prisoners contemn.
34 Let heav'n, and earth, and seas, him praise,
and all that move in them.
35 For God will Judah's cities build,
and he will Sion save,
That they may dwell therein, and it
in sure possession have.

36 And they that are his servants' seed
inherit shall the same;
So shall they have their dwelling there
that love his blessed name.

PSALM LXX.

1 LORD, haste me to deliver;
with speed, Lord, succour me.
2 Let them that for my soul do seek
sham'd and confounded be:

Turn'd back be they, and sham'd,
that in my hurt delight.
3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha! that say,
their shaming to requite.

4 In thee let all be glad,
and joy that seek for thee:
Let them who thy salvation love
say still, God praised be.
5 I poor and needy am;
come, Lord, and make no stay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art;
O Lord, make no delay.

Another of the same.

1 MAKE haste, O God, me to preserve;
with speed, Lord, succour me.
2 Let them that for my soul do seek
sham'd and confounded be:
Let them be turned back and sham'd,
that in my hurt delight.
3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha! that say,
their shaming to requite.

4 O Lord, in thee let all be glad,
and joy that seek for thee:
Let them who thy salvation love
say still, God praised be.
5 But I both poor and needy am;
come, Lord, and make no stay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art;
O Lord, make no delay.

1 O LORD, my hope and confidence
is plac'd in thee alone;
Then let thy servant never be
put to confusion.
2 And let me, in thy righteousness,
from thee deliv'rance have;
Cause me escape, incline thine ear
unto me, and me save.

3 Be thou my dwelling-rock, to which
I ever may resort:
Thou gav'st commandment me to save,
for thou'rt my rock and fort.
4 Free me, my God, from wicked hands,
hands cruel and unjust:
5 For thou, O Lord God, art my hope,
and from my youth my trust.

6 Thou from the womb didst hold me up;
thou art the same that me
Out of my mother's bowels took;
I ever will praise thee.
7 To many I a wonder am;
but thou'rt my refuge strong.
8 Fill'd let my mouth be with thy praise
and honour all day long.

9 O do not cast me off, when as
old age doth overtake me;
And when my strength decayed is,
then do not thou forsake me.
10 For those that are mine enemies
against me speak with hate;
And they together counsel take
that for my soul lay wait.

11 They said, God leaves him; him pursue
and take: none will him save.
12 Be thou not far from me, my God:
thy speedy help I crave.
13 Confound, consume them, that unto
my soul are enemies:
Cloth'd be they with reproach and shame
that do my hurt devise.

14 But I with expectation
will hope continually;
And yet with praises more and more
I will thee magnify.
15 Thy justice and salvation
my mouth abroad shall show,
Ev'n all the day; for I thereof
the numbers do not know.

16 And I will constantly go on
in strength of God the Lord;
And thine own righteousness, ev'n thine
alone, I will record.
17 For even from my youth, O God,
by thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declar'd
the wonders thou hast wrought.

18 And now, Lord, leave me not, when I
old and gray-headed grow:
Till to this age thy strength and pow'r
to all to come I show.
19 And thy most perfect righteousness,
O Lord, is very high,
Who hast so great things done: O God,
who is like unto thee?

20 Thou, Lord, who great adversities,
and sore, to me didst show,
Shalt quicken, and bring me again
from depths of earth below.
21 My greatness and my pow'r thou wilt
increase, and far extend:
On ev'ry side against all grief
thou wilt me comfort send.

22 Thee, ev'n thy truth, I'll also praise,
my God, with psaltery:
Thou Holy One of Israel,
with harp I'll sing to thee.
23 My lips shall much rejoice in thee,
when I thy praises sound;
My soul, which thou redeemed hast,
in joy shall much abound.

24 My tongue thy justice shall proclaim,
continuing all day long;
For they confounded are, and sham'd,
that seek to do me wrong.

PSALM LXXII.

1 O LORD, thy judgments give the king,
his son thy righteousness.
2 With right he shall thy people judge,
thy poor with uprightness.
3 The lofty mountains shall bring forth
unto the people peace;
Likewise the little hills the same
shall do by righteousness.

4 The people's poor ones he shall judge,
the needy's children save;

And those shall he in pieces break
who them oppressed have.
5 They shall thee fear, while sun and moon
do last, through ages all.
6 Like rain on mown grass he shall drop,
or show'rs on earth that fall.

7 The just shall flourish in his days,
and prosper in his reign:
He shall, while doth the moon endure,
abundant peace maintain.
8 His large and great dominion shall
from sea to sea extend:
It from the river shall reach forth
unto earth's utmost end.

9 They in the wilderness that dwell
bow down before him must;
And they that are his enemies
shall lick the very dust.
10 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,
to him shall presents bring;
And unto him shall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.

11 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
before him down shall fall;
And all the nations of the world
do service to him shall.
12 For he the needy shall preserve,
when he to him doth call;
The poor also, and him that hath
no help of man at all.

13 The poor man and the indigent
in mercy he shall spare;

He shall preserve alive the souls
of those that needy are.
14 Both from deceit and violence
their soul he shall set free;
And in his sight right precious
and dear their blood shall be.

15 Yea, he shall live, and giv'n to him
shall be of Sheba's gold:
For him still shall they pray, and he
shall daily be extoll'd.
16 Of corn an handful in the earth
on tops of mountains high,
With prosp'rous fruit shall shake, like trees
on Lebanon that be.

The city shall be flourishing,
her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
that grows upon the ground.
17 His name for ever shall endure;
last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be bless'd in him, and bless'd
all nations shall him call.

18 Now blessed be the Lord our God,
the God of Israel,
For he alone doth wondrous works,
in glory that excel.
19 And blessed be his glorious name
to all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

1 YET God is good to Israel,
to each pure-hearted one.
2 But as for me, my steps near slipp'd,
my feet were almost gone.
3 For I envious was, and grudg'd
the foolish folk to see,
When I perceiv'd the wicked sort
enjoy prosperity.

4 For still their strength continueth firm;
their death of bands is free.
5 They are not toil'd like other men,
nor plagu'd, as others be.
6 Therefore their pride, like to a chain,
them compasseth about;
And, as a garment, violence
doth cover them throughout.

7 Their eyes stand out with fat; they have
more than their hearts could wish.
8 They are corrupt; their talk of wrong
both lewd and lofty is.
9 They set their mouth against the heav'ns
in their blasphemous talk;
And their reproaching tongue throughout
the earth at large doth walk.

10 His people oftentimes for this
look back, and turn about;
Sith waters of so full a cup
to these are poured out.
11 And thus they say, How can it be
that God these things doth know?
Or, Can there in the Highest be
knowledge of things below?

12 Behold, these are the wicked ones,
yet prosper at their will
In worldly things; they do increase
in wealth and riches still.
13 I verily have done in vain
my heart to purify;
To no effect in innocence
washed my hands have I.

14 For daily, and all day throughout,
great plagues I suffer'd have;
Yea, ev'ry morning I of new
did chastisement receive.
15 If in this manner foolishly
to speak I would intend,
Thy children's generation,
behold, I should offend.

16 When I this thought to know, it was
too hard a thing for me;
17 Till to God's sanctuary I went,
then I their end did see.
18 Assuredly thou didst them set
a slipp'ry place upon;
Them suddenly thou castedst down
into destruction.

19 How in a moment suddenly
to ruin brought are they!
With fearful terrors utterly
they are consum'd away.
20 Ev'n like unto a dream, when one
from sleeping doth arise;
So thou, O Lord, when thou awak'st,
their image shalt despise.

21 Thus grieved was my heart in me,
and me my reins oppress:
22 So rude was I, and ignorant,
and in thy sight a beast.
23 Nevertheless, continually,
O Lord, I am with thee:
Thou dost me hold by my right hand,
and still upholdest me.

24 Thou, with thy counsel, while I live,
wilt me conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterward
receive me to abide.
25 Whom have I in the heavens high
but thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
besides thee there is none.

26 My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,
but God doth fail me never:
For of my heart God is the strength
and portion for ever.
27 For, lo, they that are far from thee
for ever perish shall;
Them that a whoring from thee go
thou hast destroyed all.

28 But surely it is good for me
that I draw near to God:
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 O GOD, why hast thou cast us off?
is it for evermore?

Against thy pasture-sheep why doth
thine anger smoke so sore?
2 O call to thy rememberance
thy congregation,
Which thou hast purchased of old;
still think the same upon:

The rod of thine inheritance,
which thou redeemed hast,
This Sion hill, wherein thou hadst
thy dwelling in times past.
3 To these long desolations
thy feet lift, do not tarry;
For all the ills thy foes have done
within thy sanctuary.

4 Amidst thy congregations
thine enemies do roar:
Their ensigns they set up for signs
of triumph thee before.
5 A man was famous, and was had
in estimation,
According as he lifted up
his axe thick trees upon.

6 But all at once with axes now
and hammers they go to,
And down the carved work thereof
they break, and quite undo.
7 They fired have thy sanctuary,
and have defil'd the same,
By casting down unto the ground
the place where dwelt thy name.

8 Thus said they in their hearts, Let us
destroy them out of hand:

They burnt up all the synagogues
of God within the land.
9 Our signs we do not now behold;
there is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
that knows the time how long.

10 How long, Lord, shall the enemy
thus in reproach exclaim?
And shall the adversary thus
always blaspheme thy name?
11 Thy hand, ev'n thy right hand of might,
why dost thou thus draw back?
O from thy bosom pluck it out
for our deliv'rance' sake.

12 For certainly God is my King,
ev'n from the times of old,
Working in midst of all the earth
salvation manifold.
13 The sea, by thy great pow'r, to part
asunder thou didst make;
And thou the dragons' heads, O Lord,
within the waters brake.

14 The leviathan's head thou brak'st
in pieces, and didst give
Him to be meat unto the folk
in wilderness that live.
15 Thou clav'st the fountain and the flood,
which did with streams abound:
Thou dry'dst the mighty waters up
unto the very ground.

16 Thine only is the day, O Lord,
thine also is the night;

And thou alone prepared hast
the sun and shining light.
17 By thee the borders of the earth
were settled ev'ry where:
The summer and the winter both
by thee created were.

18 That th' enemy reproached hath,
O keep it in record;
And that the foolish people have
blasphem'd thy name, O Lord.
19 Unto the multitude do not
thy turtle's soul deliver:
The congregation of thy poor
do not forget for ever.

20 Unto thy cov'nant have respect:
for earth's dark places be
Full of the habitations
of horrid cruelty.
21 O let not those that be oppress'd
return again with shame:
Let those that poor and needy are
give praise unto thy name.

22 Do thou, O God, arise and plead
the cause that is thine own:
Remember how thou art reproach'd
still by the foolish one.
23 Do not forget the voice of those
that are thine enemies:
Of those the tumult ever grows
that do against thee rise.

1 TO thee, O God, do we give thanks,
we do give thanks to thee;
Because thy wondrous works declare
thy great name near to be.
2 I purpose, when I shall receive
the congregation,
That I shall judgment uprightly
render to ev'ry one.

3 Dissolved is the land, with all
that in the same do dwell;
But I the pillars thereof do
bear up, and stablish well.
4 I to the foolish people said,
Do not deal foolishly;
And unto those that wicked are,
Lift not your horn on high.

5 Lift not your horn on high, nor speak
6 with stubborn neck. But know,
That not from east, nor west, nor south,
promotion doth flow.
7 But God is judge; he puts down one,
and sets another up.
8 For in the hand of God most high
of red wine is a cup:

'Tis full of mixture, he pours forth,
and makes the wicked all
Wring out the bitter dregs thereof;
yea, and they drink them shall.
9 But I for ever will declare,
I Jacob's God will praise.
10 All horns of lewd men I'll cut off;
but just men's horns will raise.

1 IN Judah's land God is well known,
his name's in Isr'el great:
2 In Salem is his tabernacle,
in Sion is his seat.
3 There arrows of the bow he brake,
the shield, the sword, the war.
4 More glorious thou than hills of prey,
more excellent art far.

5 Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
they slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
that were the men of might.
6 When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
were in a dead sleep cast.

7 Thou, Lord, ev'n thou art he that should
be fear'd; and who is he
That may stand up before thy sight,
if once thou angry be?
8 From heav'n thou judgment caus'd be heard;
the earth was still with fear,
9 When God to judgment rose, to save
all meek on earth that were.

10 Surely the very wrath of man
unto thy praise redounds:
Thou to the remnant of his wrath
wilt set restraining bounds.
11 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay:
all ye that near him be,
Bring gifts and presents unto him;
for to be fear'd is he.

12 By him the sp'rits shall be cut off
of those that princes are:
Unto the kings that are on earth
he fearful doth appear.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 UNTO the Lord I with my voice,
I unto God did cry;
Ev'n with my voice, and unto me
his ear he did apply.
2 I in my trouble sought the Lord,
my sore by night did run,
And ceased not; my grieved soul
did consolation shun.

3 I to remembrance God did call,
yet trouble did remain;
And overwhelm'd my spirit was,
whilst I did sore complain.
4 Mine eyes, debarr'd from rest and sleep,
thou makest still to wake;
My trouble is so great that I
unable am to speak.

5 The days of old to mind I call'd,
and oft did think upon
The times and ages that are past
full many years agone.
6 By night my song I call to mind,
and commune with my heart;
My sp'rit did carefully enquire
how I might ease my smart.

7 For ever will the Lord cast off,
and gracious be no more?

8 For ever is his mercy gone?
fails his word evermore?
9 Is't true that to be gracious
the Lord forgotten hath?
And that his tender mercies he
hath shut up in his wrath?

10 Then did I say, That surely this
is mine infirmity:
I'll mind the years of the right hand
of him that is most High.
11 Yea, I remember will the works
performed by the Lord:
The wonders done of old by thee
I surely will record.

12 I also will of all thy works
my meditation make;
And of thy doings to discourse
great pleasure I will take.
13 O God, thy way most holy is
within thy sanctuary;
And what God is so great in pow'r
as is our God most high?

14 Thou art the God that wonders dost
by thy right hand most strong:
Thy mighty pow'r thou hast declar'd
the nations among.
15 To thine own people with thine arm
thou didst redemption bring;
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes
of Joseph that do spring.

16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee,
the waters saw thee well;

And they for fear aside did flee;
the depths on trembling fell.
17 The clouds in water forth were pour'd,
sound loudly did the sky;
And swiftly through the world abroad
thine arrows fierce did fly.

18 Thy thunder's voice alongst the heav'n
a mighty noise did make;
By lightnings lighten'd was the world,
th' earth tremble did and shake.
19 Thy way is in the sea, and in
the waters great thy path;
Yet are thy footsteps hid, O Lord;
none knowledge thereof hath.

20 Thy people thou didst safely lead,
like to a flock of sheep;
By Moses' hand and Aaron's thou
didst them conduct and keep.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 ATTEND, my people, to my law;
thereto give thou an ear;
The words that from my mouth proceed
attentively do hear.
2 My mouth shall speak a parable,
and sayings dark of old;
3 The same which we have heard and known,
and us our fathers told.

4 We also will them not conceal
from their posterity;
Them to the generation
to come declare will we:

The praises of the Lord our God,
and his almighty strength,
The wondrous works that he hath done,
we will shew forth at length.

5 His testimony and his law
in Isr'el he did place,
And charg'd our fathers it to show
to their succeeding race;
6 That so the race which was to come
might well them learn and know;
And sons unborn, who should arise,
might to their sons them show:

7 That they might set their hope in God,
and suffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind,
but keep his precepts all:
8 And might not, like their fathers, be
a stiff rebellious race;
A race not right in heart; with God
whose sp'rit not stedfast was.

9 The sons of Ephraim, who nor bows
nor other arms did lack,
When as the day of battle was,
they faintly turned back.
10 They brake God's cov'nant, and refus'd
in his commands to go;
11 His works and wonders they forgot,
which he to them did show.

12 Things marvellous he brought to pass;
their fathers them beheld
Within the land of Egypt done,
yea, ev'n in Zoan's field.

13 By him divided was the sea,
he caus'd them through to pass;
And made the waters so to stand,
as like an heap it was.

14 With cloud by day, with light of fire
all night, he did them guide.
15 In desert rocks he clave, and drink,
as from great depths, supply'd.
16 He from the rock brought streams, like floods
made waters to run down.
17 Yet sinning more, in desert they
provok'd the Highest One.

18 For in their heart they tempted God,
and, speaking with mistrust,
They greedily did meat require
to satisfy their lust.
19 Against the Lord himself they spake,
and, murmuring, said thus,
A table in the wilderness
can God prepare for us?

20 Behold, he smote the rock, and thence
came streams and waters great;
But can he give his people bread?
and send them flesh to eat?
21 The Lord did hear, and waxed wroth;
so kindled was a flame
'Gainst Jacob, and 'gainst Israel
up indignation came.

22 For they believ'd not God, nor trust
in his salvation had;
23 Though clouds above he did command,
and heav'n's doors open made,

24 And manna rain'd on them, and gave
them corn of heav'n to eat.
25 Man angels' food did eat; to them
he to the full sent meat.

26 And in the heaven he did cause
an eastern wind to blow;
And by his power he let out
the southern wind to go.
27 Then flesh as thick as dust he made
to rain down them among;
And feather'd fowls, like as the sand
which li'th the shore along.

28 At his command amidst their camp
these show'rs of flesh down fell,
All round about the tabernacles
and tents where they did dwell.
29 So they did eat abundantly,
and had of meat their fill;
For he did give to them what was
their own desire and will.

30 They from their lust had not estrang'd
their heart and their desire;
But while the meat was in their mouths,
which they did so require,
31 God's wrath upon them came, and slew
the fattest of them all;
So that the choice of Israel,
o'erthrown by death, did fall.

32 Yet, notwithstanding of all this,
they sinned still the more;
And though he had great wonders wrought,
believ'd him not therefore:

33 Wherefore their days in vanity
he did consume and waste;
And by his wrath their wretched years
away in trouble past.

34 But when he slew them, then they did
to seek him shew desire;
Yea, they return'd, and after God
right early did enquire.
35 And that the Lord had been their Rock
they did remember then;
Ev'n that the high almighty God
had their Redeemer been.

36 Yet with their mouth they flatter'd him,
and spake but feignedly;
And they unto the God of truth
with their false tongues did lie.
37 For though their words were good, their heart
with him was not sincere;
Unstedfast and perfidious
they in his cov'nant were.

38 But, full of pity, he forgave
their sin, them did not slay;
Nor stirr'd up all his wrath, but oft
his anger turn'd away.
39 For that they were but fading flesh
to mind he did recall;
A wind that passeth soon away,
and not returns at all.

40 How often did they him provoke
within the wilderness!
And in the desert did him grieve
with their rebelliousness!

41 Yea, turning back, they tempted God,
and limits set upon
Him, who in midst of Isr'el is
the only Holy One.

42 They did not call to mind his pow'r,
nor yet the day when he
Deliver'd them out of the hand
of their fierce enemy;
43 Nor how great signs in Egypt land
he openly had wrought;
What miracles in Zoan's field
his hand to pass had brought.

44 How lakes and rivers ev'ry where
he turned into blood;
So that nor man nor beast could drink
of standing lake or flood.
45 He brought among them swarms of flies,
which did them sore annoy;
And divers kinds of filthy frogs
he sent them to destroy.

46 He to the caterpillar gave
the fruits of all their soil;
Their labours he deliver'd up
unto the locusts' spoil.
47 Their vines with hail, their sycamores
he with the frost did blast:
48 Their beasts to hail he gave; their flocks
hot thunderbolts did waste.

49 Fierce burning wrath he on them cast,
and indignation strong,
And troubles sore, by sending forth
ill angels them among.

50 He to his wrath made way; their soul
from death he did not save;
But over to the pestilence
the lives of them he gave.

51 In Egypt land the first-born all
he smote down ev'ry where;
Among the tents of Ham, ev'n these
chief of their strength that were.
52 But his own people, like to sheep,
thence to go forth he made;
And he, amidst the wilderness,
them, as a flock, did lead.

53 And he them safely on did lead,
so that they did not fear;
Whereas their en'mies by the sea
quite overwhelmed were.
54 To borders of his sanctuary
the Lord his people led,
Ev'n to the mount which his right hand
for them had purchased.

55 The nations of Canaan,
by his almighty hand,
Before their face he did expel
out of their native land;
Which for inheritance to them
by line he did divide,
And made the tribes of Israel
within their tents abide.

56 Yet God most high they did provoke,
and tempted ever still;
And to observe his testimonies
did not incline their will:

57 But, like their fathers, turned back,
and dealt unfaithfully:
Aside they turned, like a bow
that shoots deceitfully.

58 For they to anger did provoke
him with their places high;
And with their graven images
mov'd him to jealousy.
59 When God heard this, he waxed wroth,
and much loath'd Isr'el then:
60 So Shiloh's tent he left, the tent
which he had plac'd with men.

61 And he his strength delivered
into captivity;
He left his glory in the hand
of his proud enemy.
62 His people also he gave o'er
unto the sword's fierce rage:
So sore his wrath inflamed was
against his heritage.

63 The fire consum'd their choice young men;
their maids no marriage had;
64 And when their priests fell by the sword,
their wives no mourning made.
65 But then the Lord arose, as one
that doth from sleep awake;
And like a giant that, by wine
refresh'd, a shout doth make:

66 Upon his en'mies' hinder parts
he made his stroke to fall;
And so upon them he did put
a shame perpetual.

67 Moreover, he the tabernacle
of Joseph did refuse;
The mighty tribe of Ephraim
he would in no wise chuse:

68 But he did chuse Jehudah's tribe
to be the rest above;
And of mount Sion he made choice,
which he so much did love.
69 And he his sanctuary built
like to a palace high,
Like to the earth which he did found
to perpetuity.

70 Of David, that his servant was,
he also choice did make,
And even from the folds of sheep
was pleased him to take:
71 From waiting on the ewes with young,
he brought him forth to feed
Israel, his inheritance,
his people, Jacob's seed.

72 So after the integrity
he of his heart them fed;
And by the good skill of his hands
them wisely governed.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 O GOD, the heathen enter'd have
thine heritage; by them
Defiled is thy house: on heaps
they laid Jerusalem.
2 The bodies of thy servants they
have cast forth to be meat

To rav'nous fowls; thy dear saints' flesh
they gave to beasts to eat.

3 Their blood about Jerusalem
like water they have shed;
And there was none to bury them
when they were slain and dead.
4 Unto our neighbours a reproach
most base become are we;
A scorn and laughingstock to them
that round about us be.

5 How long, Lord, shall thine anger last?
wilt thou still keep the same?
And shall thy fervent jealousy
burn like unto a flame?
6 On heathen pour thy fury forth,
that have thee never known,
And on those kingdoms which thy name
have never call'd upon.

7 For these are they who Jacob have
devoured cruelly;
And they his habitation
have caused waste to lie.
8 Against us mind not former sins;
thy tender mercies show;
Let them prevent us speedily,
for we're brought very low.

9 For thy name's glory help us, Lord,
who hast our Saviour been:
Deliver us; for thy name's sake,
O purge away our sin.
10 Why say the heathen, Where's their God
let him to them be known;

When those who shed thy servants' blood
are in our sight o'erthrown.

11 O let the pris'ner's sighs ascend
before thy sight on high;
Preserve those in thy mighty pow'r
that are design'd to die.
12 And to our neighbours' bosom cause
it sev'n-fold render'd be,
Ev'n the reproach wherewith they have,
O Lord, reproached thee.

13 So we thy folk, and pasture-sheep,
shall give thee thanks always;
And unto generations all
we will shew forth thy praise.

PSALM LXXX.

1 HEAR, Isr'el's Shepherd! like a flock
thou that dost Joseph guide;
Shine forth, O thou that dost between
the cherubims abide.
2 In Ephraim's, and Benjamin's,
and in Manasseh's sight,
O come for our salvation;
stir up thy strength and might.

3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
and upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
and so we shall be safe.
4 O Lord of hosts, almighty God,
how long shall kindled be
Thy wrath against the prayer made
by thine own folk to thee?

5 Thou tears of sorrow giv'st to them
instead of bread to eat;
Yea, tears instead of drink thou giv'st
to them in measure great.
6 Thou makest us a strife unto
our neighbours round about;
Our enemies among themselves
at us do laugh and flout.

7 Turn us again, O God of hosts,
and upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
and so we shall be safe.
8 A vine from Egypt brought thou hast,
by thine outstretched hand;
And thou the heathen out didst cast,
to plant it in their land.

9 Before it thou a room didst make,
where it might grow and stand;
Thou causedst it deep root to take,
and it did fill the land.
10 The mountains veil'd were with its shade,
as with a covering;
Like goodly cedars were the boughs
which out from it did spring.

11 Upon the one hand to the sea
her boughs she did out send;
On th' other side unto the flood
her branches did extend.
12 Why hast thou then thus broken down
and ta'en her hedge away?
So that all passengers do pluck,
and make of her a prey.

13 The boar who from the forest comes
doth waste it at his pleasure;
The wild beast of the field also
devours it out of measure.
14 O God of hosts, we thee beseech,
return now unto thine;
Look down from heav'n in love, behold,
and visit this thy vine:

15 This vineyard, which thine own right hand
hath planted us among;
And that same branch, which for thyself
thou hast made to be strong.
16 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
it also is cut down:
They utterly are perished,
when as thy face doth frown.

17 O let thy hand be still upon
the Man of thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for thyself
thou madest strong to stand.
18 So henceforth we will not go back,
nor turn from thee at all:
O do thou quicken us, and we
upon thy name will call.

19 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
and upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
and so we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 SING loud to God our strength; with joy
to Jacob's God do sing.

2 Take up a psalm, the pleasant harp,
timbrel and psalt'ry bring.
3 Blow trumpets at new-moon, what day
our feast appointed is:
4 For charge to Isr'el, and a law
of Jacob's God was this.

5 To Joseph this a testimony
he made, when Egypt land
He travell'd through, where speech I heard
I did not understand.
6 His shoulder I from burdens took,
his hands from pots did free.
7 Thou didst in trouble on me call,
and I deliver'd thee:

In secret place of thundering
I did thee answer make;
And at the streams of Meribah
of thee a proof did take.
8 O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll testify to thee;
To thee, O Isr'el, if thou wilt
but hearken unto me.

9 In midst of thee there shall not be
any strange god at all;
Nor unto any god unknown
thou bowing down shalt fall.
10 I am the Lord thy God, which did
from Egypt land thee guide;
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
do thou it open wide.

11 But yet my people to my voice
would not attentive be;

And ev'n my chosen Israel
he would have none of me.
12 So to the lust of their own hearts
I them delivered;
And then in counsels of their own
they vainly wandered.

13 O that my people had me heard,
Isr'el my ways had chose!
14 I had their en'mies soon subdu'd,
my hand turn'd on their foes.
15 The haters of the Lord to him
submission should have feign'd;
But as for them, their time should have
for evermore remain'd.

16 He should have also fed them with
the finest of the wheat;
Of honey from the rock thy fill
I should have made thee eat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 IN gods' assembly God doth stand;
he judgeth gods among.
2 How long, accepting persons vile,
will ye give judgment wrong?
3 Defend the poor and fatherless;
to poor oppress'd do right.
4 The poor and needy ones set free;
rid them from ill men's might.

5 They know not, nor will understand;
in darkness they walk on:
All the foundations of the earth
out of their course are gone.

6 I said that ye are gods, and are
sons of the Highest all:
7 But ye shall die like men, and as
one of the princes fall.

8 O God, do thou raise up thyself,
the earth to judgment call:
For thou, as thine inheritance,
shalt take the nations all.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 KEEP not, O God, we thee entreat,
O keep not silence now:
Do thou not hold thy peace, O God,
and still no more be thou.
2 For, lo, thine enemies a noise
tumultuously have made;
And they that haters are of thee
have lifted up the head.

3 Against thy chosen people they
do crafty counsel take;
And they against thy hidden ones
do consultations make.
4 Come, let us cut them off, said they,
from being a nation,
That of the name of Isr'el may
no more be mention.

5 For with joint heart they plot, in league
against thee they combine.
6 The tents of Edom, Ishm'elites,
Moab's and Hagar's line;
7 Gebal, and Ammon, Amalek,
Philistines, those of Tyre;

8 And Assur join'd with them, to help
Lot's children they conspire.

9 Do to them as to Midian,
Jabin at Kison strand;
10 And Sis'ra, which at En-dor fell,
as dung to fat the land.
11 Like Oreb and like Zeeb make
their noble men to fall;
Like Zeba and Zalmunna like,
make thou their princes all;

12 Who said, For our possession
let us God's houses take.
13 My God, them like a wheel, as chaff
before the wind, them make.
14 As fire consumes the wood, as flame
doth mountains set on fire,
15 Chase and affright them with the storm
and tempest of thine ire.

16 Their faces fill with shame, O Lord,
that they may seek thy name.
17 Let them confounded be, and vex'd,
and perish in their shame:
18 That men may know that thou, to whom
alone doth appertain
The name JEHOVAH, dost most high
o'er all the earth remain.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace
how pleasant, Lord, they be!

2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently,
yea faints, thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for thee.

3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
an house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
hath purchased a nest;
Ev'n thine own altars, where she safe
her young ones forth may bring,
O thou almighty Lord of hosts,
who art my God and King.

4 Bless'd are they in thy house that dwell,
they ever give thee praise.
5 Bless'd is the man whose strength thou art,
in whose heart are thy ways:
6 Who passing thorough Baca's vale,
therein do dig up wells;
Also the rain that falleth down
the pools with water fills.

7 So they from strength unwearied go
still forward unto strength,
Until in Sion they appear
before the Lord at length.
8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear;
O Jacob's God, give ear.
9 See God our shield, look on the face
of thine anointed dear.

10 For in thy courts one day excels
a thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
than dwell in tents of sin.

11 For God the Lord's a sun and shield:
he'll grace and glory give;
And will withhold no good from them
that uprightly do live.

12 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
that man is truly blest,
Who by assured confidence
on thee alone doth rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 O LORD, thou hast been favourable
to thy beloved land:
Jacob's captivity thou hast
recall'd with mighty hand.
2 Thou pardoned thy people hast
all their iniquities;
Thou all their trespasses and sins
hast cover'd from thine eyes.

3 Thou took'st off all thine ire, and turn'dst
from thy wrath's furiousness.
4 Turn us, God of our health, and cause
thy wrath 'gainst us to cease.
5 Shall thy displeasure thus endure
against us without end?
Wilt thou to generations all
thine anger forth extend?

6 That in thee may thy people joy,
wilt thou not us revive?
7 Shew us thy mercy, Lord, to us
do thy salvation give.
8 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak:
to his folk he'll speak peace,

And to his saints; but let them not
return to foolishness.

9 To them that fear him surely near
is his salvation;
That glory in our land may have
her habitation.
10 Truth met with mercy, righteousness
and peace kiss'd mutually:
11 Truth springs from earth, and righteousness
looks down from heaven high.

12 Yea, what is good the Lord shall give;
our land shall yield increase:
13 Justice, to set us in his steps,
shall go before his face.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 O LORD, do thou bow down thine ear,
and hear me graciously;
Because I sore afflicted am,
and am in poverty.
2 Because I'm holy, let my soul
by thee preserved be:
O thou my God, thy servant save,
that puts his trust in thee.

3 Sith unto thee I daily cry,
be merciful to me.
4 Rejoice thy servant's soul; for, Lord,
I lift my soul to thee.
5 For thou art gracious, O Lord,
and ready to forgive;
And rich in mercy, all that call
upon thee to relieve.

6 Hear, Lord, my pray'r; unto the voice
of my request attend:
7 In troublous times I'll call on thee:
for thou wilt answer send.
8 Lord, there is none among the gods
that may with thee compare;
And like the works which thou hast done,
not any work is there.

9 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come
and worship rev'rently
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,
thy name shall glorify.
10 Because thou art exceeding great,
and works by thee are done
Which are to be admir'd; and thou
art God thyself alone.

11 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
may fear continually.
12 O Lord my God, with all my heart
to thee I will give praise;
And I the glory will ascribe
unto thy name always:

13 Because thy mercy toward me
in greatness doth excel;
And thou deliver'd hast my soul
out from the lowest hell.
14 O God, the proud against me rise,
and vi'lent men have met,
That for my soul have sought; and thee
before them have not set.

15 But thou art full of pity, Lord,
a God most gracious,
Long-suffering, and in thy truth
and mercy plenteous.
16 O turn to me thy countenance,
and mercy on me have;
Thy servant strengthen, and the son
of thine own handmaid save.

17 Shew me a sign for good, that they
which do me hate may see,
And be asham'd; because thou, Lord,
didst help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 UPON the hills of holiness
he his foundation sets.
2 God, more than Jacob's dwellings all,
delights in Sion's gates.
3 Things glorious are said of thee,
thou city of the Lord.
4 Rahab and Babel I, to those
that know me, will record:

Behold ev'n Tyrus, and with it
the land of Palestine,
And likewise Ethiopia;
this man was born therein.
5 And it of Sion shall be said,
This man and that man there
Was born; and he that is most High
himself shall stablish her.

6 When God the people writes, he'll count
that this man born was there.

7 There be that sing and play; and all
my well-springs in thee are.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, my Saviour, day and night
before thee cry'd have I.
2 Before thee let my prayer come;
give ear unto my cry.
3 For troubles great do fill my soul;
my life draws nigh the grave.
4 I'm counted with those that go down
to pit, and no strength have.

5 Ev'n free among the dead, like them
that slain in grave do lie;
Cut off from thy hand, whom no more
thou hast in memory.
6 Thou hast me laid in lowest pit,
in deeps and darksome caves.
7 Thy wrath lies hard on me, thou hast
me press'd with all thy waves.

8 Thou hast put far from me my friends,
thou mad'st them to abhor me;
And I am so shut up, that I
find no evasion for me.
9 By reason of affliction
mine eye mourns dolefully:
To thee, Lord, do I call, and stretch
my hands continually.

10 Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead?
shall they rise, and thee bless?
11 Shall in the grave thy love be told?
in death thy faithfulness?

12 Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
or shall thy righteousness
Be known to any in the land
of deep forgetfulness?

13 But, Lord, to thee I cry'd; my pray'r
at morn prevent shall thee.
14 Why, Lord, dost thou cast off my soul,
and hid'st thy face from me?
15 Distress'd am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die;
Thy terrors I have borne, and am
distracted fearfully.

16 The dreadful fierceness of thy wrath
quite over me doth go:
Thy terrors great have cut me off,
they did pursue me so.
17 For round about me ev'ry day,
like water, they did roll;
And, gathering together, they
have compassed my soul.

18 My friends thou hast put far from me,
and him that did me love;
And those that mine acquaintance were
to darkness didst remove.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 GOD's mercies I will ever sing;
and with my mouth I shall
Thy faithfulness make to be known
to generations all.
2 For mercy shall be built, said I,
for ever to endure;

Thy faithfulness, ev'n in the heav'ns,
thou wilt establish sure.

3 I with my chosen One have made
a cov'nant graciously;
And to my servant, whom I lov'd,
to David sworn have I;
4 That I thy seed establish shall
for ever to remain,
And will to generations all
thy throne build and maintain.

5 The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
the heavens shall express;
And in the congregation
of saints thy faithfulness.
6 For who in heaven with the Lord
may once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
of those that mighty are?

7 Great fear in meeting of the saints
is due unto the Lord;
And he of all about him should
with rev'rence be ador'd.
8 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
what Lord in mightiness
Is like to thee? who compass'd round
art with thy faithfulness.

9 Ev'n in the raging of the sea
thou over it dost reign;
And when the waves thereof do swell,
thou stillest them again.
10 Rahab in pieces thou didst break,
like one that slaughter'd is;

And with thy mighty arm thou hast
dispers'd thine enemies.

11 The heav'ns are thine, thou for thine own
the earth dost also take;
The world, and fulness of the same,
thy pow'r did found and make.
12 The north and south from thee alone
their first beginning had;
Both Tabor mount and Hermon hill
shall in thy name be glad.

13 Thou hast an arm that's full of pow'r,
thy hand is great in might;
And thy right hand exceedingly
exalted is in height.
14 Justice and judgment of thy throne
are made the dwelling-place;
Mercy, accompany'd with truth,
shall go before thy face.

15 O greatly bless'd the people are
the joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
they ever on shall go.
16 They in thy name shall all the day
rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
exalted be on high.

17 Because the glory of their strength
doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favour shall our horn
and pow'r exalted be.
18 For God is our defence; and he
to us doth safety bring:

The Holy One of Israel
is our almighty King.

19 In vision to thy Holy One
thou saidst, I help upon
A strong one laid; out of the folk
I rais'd a chosen one;
20 Ev'n David, I have found him out
a servant unto me;
And with my holy oil my King
anointed him to be.

21 With whom my hand shall stablish'd be;
mine arm shall make him strong.
22 On him the foe shall not exact,
nor son of mischief wrong.
23 I will beat down before his face
all his malicious foes;
I will them greatly plague who do
with hatred him oppose.

24 My mercy and my faithfulness
with him yet still shall be;
And in my name his horn and pow'r
men shall exalted see.
25 His hand and pow'r shall reach afar,
I'll set it in the sea;
And his right hand established
shall in the rivers be.

26 Thou art my Father, he shall cry,
thou art my God alone;
And he shall say, Thou art the Rock
of my salvation.
27 I'll make him my first-born, more high
than kings of any land.

28 My love I'll ever keep for him,
my cov'nant fast shall stand.

29 His seed I by my pow'r will make
for ever to endure;
And, as the days of heav'n, his throne
shall stable be, and sure.
30 But if his children shall forsake
my laws, and go astray,
And in my judgments shall not walk,
but wander from my way:

31 If they my laws break, and do not
keep my commandements;
32 I'll visit then their faults with rods,
their sins with chastisements.
33 Yet I'll not take my love from him,
nor false my promise make.
34 My cov'nant I'll not break, nor change
what with my mouth I spake.

35 Once by my holiness I sware,
to David I'll not lie;
36 His seed and throne shall, as the sun,
before me last for aye.
37 It, like the moon, shall ever be
establish'd stedfastly;
And like to that which in the heav'n
doth witness faithfully.

38 But thou, displeased, hast cast off,
thou didst abhor and loathe;
With him that thine anointed is
thou hast been very wroth.
39 Thou hast thy servant's covenant
made void, and quite cast by;

Thou hast profan'd his crown, while it
cast on the ground doth lie.

40 Thou all his hedges hast broke down,
his strong holds down hast torn.
41 He to all passers-by a spoil,
to neighbours is a scorn.
42 Thou hast set up his foes' right hand;
mad'st all his en'mies glad:
43 Turn'd his sword's edge, and him to stand
in battle hast not made.

44 His glory thou hast made to cease,
his throne to ground down cast;
45 Shorten'd his days of youth, and him
with shame thou cover'd hast.
46 How long, Lord, wilt thou hide thyself?
for ever, in thine ire?
And shall thine indignation
burn like unto a fire?

47 Remember, Lord, how short a time
I shall on earth remain:
O wherefore is it so that thou
hast made all men in vain?
48 What man is he that liveth here,
and death shall never see?
Or from the power of the grave
what man his soul shall free?

49 Thy former loving-kindnesses,
O Lord, where be they now?
Those which in truth and faithfulness
to David sworn hast thou?
50 Mind, Lord, thy servant's sad reproach;
how I in bosom bear

The scornings of the people all,
who strong and mighty are.

51 Wherewith thy raging enemies
reproach'd, O Lord, think on;
Wherewith they have reproach'd the steps
of thine anointed one.
52 All blessing to the Lord our God
let be ascribed then:
For evermore so let it be.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XC.

1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place
in generations all.
2 Before thou ever hadst brought forth
the mountains great or small;
Ere ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
and all the world abroad;
Ev'n thou from everlasting art
to everlasting God.

3 Thou dost unto destruction
man that is mortal turn;
And unto them thou say'st, Again,
ye sons of men, return.
4 Because a thousand years appear
no more before thy sight
Than yesterday, when it is past,
or than a watch by night.

5 As with an overflowing flood
thou carry'st them away:
They like a sleep are, like the grass
that grows at morn are they.

6 At morn it flourishes and grows,
cut down at ev'n doth fade.
7 For by thine anger we 're consum'd,
thy wrath makes us afraid.

8 Our sins thou and iniquities
dost in thy presence place,
And sett'st our secret faults before
the brightness of thy face.
9 For in thine anger all our days
do pass on to an end;
And as a tale that hath been told,
so we our years do spend.

10 Threescore and ten years do sum up
our days and years, we see;
Or if, by reason of more strength,
in some fourscore they be:
Yet doth the strength of such old men
but grief and labour prove;
For it is soon cut off, and we
fly hence, and soon remove.

11 Who knows the power of thy wrath?
according to thy fear
12 So is thy wrath: Lord, teach thou us
our end in mind to bear;
And so to count our days, that we
our hearts may still apply
To learn thy wisdom and thy truth,
that we may live thereby.

13 Turn yet again to us, O Lord,
how long thus shall it be?
Let it repent thee now for those
that servants are to thee.

14 O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
us early satisfy;
So we rejoice shall all our days,
and still be glad in thee.

15 According as the days have been,
wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
so do thou make us glad.
16 O let thy work and pow'r appear
thy servants' face before;
And shew unto their children dear
thy glory evermore:

17 And let the beauty of the Lord
our God be us upon:
Our handy-works establish thou,
establish them each one.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that doth in the secret place
of the most High reside,
Under the shade of him that is
th' Almighty shall abide.
2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still,
He is my fortress, and my God,
and in him trust I will.

3 Assuredly he shall thee save,
and give deliverance
From subtile fowler's snare, and from
the noisome pestilence.
4 His feathers shall thee hide; thy trust
under his wings shall be:

His faithfulness shall be a shield
and buckler unto thee.

5 Thou shalt not need to be afraid
for terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
by day, while it is light;
6 Nor for the pestilence, that walks
in darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
at noon-day openly.

7 A thousand at thy side shall fall,
on thy right hand shall lie
Ten thousand dead; yet unto thee
it shall not once come nigh.
8 Only thou with thine eyes shalt look,
and a beholder be;
And thou therein the just reward
of wicked men shalt see.

9 Because the Lord, who constantly
my refuge is alone,
Ev'n the most High, is made by thee
thy habitation;
10 No plague shall near thy dwelling come;
no ill shall thee befall:
11 For thee to keep in all thy ways
his angels charge he shall.

12 They in their hands shall bear thee up,
still waiting thee upon;
Lest thou at any time should'st dash
thy foot against a stone.
13 Upon the adder thou shalt tread,
and on the lion strong;

Thy feet on dragons trample shall,
and on the lions young.

14 Because on me he set his love,
I'll save and set him free;
Because my great name he hath known,
I will him set on high.
15 He'll call on me, I'll answer him;
I will be with him still
In trouble, to deliver him,
and honour him I will.

16 With length of days unto his mind
I will him satisfy;
I also my salvation
will cause his eyes to see.

PSALM XCII.

1 TO render thanks unto the Lord
it is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou most High,
due praise aloud to sing.
2 Thy loving-kindness to shew forth
when shines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulness
with pleasure ev'ry night,

3 On a ten-stringed instrument,
upon the psaltery,
And on the harp with solemn sound,
and grave sweet melody.
4 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty works
hast made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
which by thine hands were made.

5 How great, Lord, are thy works! each thought
of thine a deep it is:
6 A brutish man it knoweth not;
fools understand not this.
7 When those that lewd and wicked are
spring quickly up like grass,
And workers of iniquity
do flourish all apace;

It is that they for ever may
destroyed be and slain:
8 But thou, O Lord, art the most High,
for ever to remain.
9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
thine en'mies perish shall;
The workers of iniquity
shall be dispersed all.

10 But thou shalt, like unto the horn
of th' unicorn, exalt
My horn on high: thou with fresh oil
anoint me also shalt.
11 Mine eyes shall also my desire
see on mine enemies;
Mine ears shall of the wicked hear,
that do against me rise.

12 But like the palm-tree flourishing
shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
that is in Lebanon.
13 Those that within the house of God
are planted by his grace,
They shall grow up, and flourish all
in our God's holy place.

14 And in old age, when others fade,
they fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
and aye be flourishing;
15 To shew that upright is the Lord:
he is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteousness
is altogether free.

PSALM XCIII.

1 THE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is he
with majesty most bright;
His works do shew him cloth'd to be,
and girt about with might.
The world is also stablished,
that it cannot depart.
2 Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
from everlasting art.

3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
they lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
and made a mighty noise.
4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
or great sea-billows are.

5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one
in faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
thine house becometh well.

1 O LORD God, unto whom alone
all vengeance doth belong;
O mighty God, who vengeance own'st,
shine forth, avenging wrong.
2 Lift up thyself, thou of the earth
the sov'reign Judge that art;
And unto those that are so proud
a due reward impart.

3 How long, O mighty God, shall they
who lewd and wicked be,
How long shall they who wicked are
thus triumph haughtily?
4 How long shall things most hard by them
be uttered and told?
And all that work iniquity
to boast themselves be bold?

5 Thy folk they break in pieces, Lord,
thine heritage oppress:
6 The widow they and stranger slay,
and kill the fatherless.
7 Yet say they, God it shall not see,
nor God of Jacob know.
8 Ye brutish people! understand;
fools! when wise will ye grow?

9 The Lord did plant the ear of man,
and hear then shall not he?
He only form'd the eye, and then
shall he not clearly see?
10 He that the nations doth correct,
shall he not chastise you?
He knowledge unto man doth teach,
and shall himself not know?

11 Man's thoughts to be but vanity
the Lord doth well discern.
12 Bless'd is the man thou chast'nest, Lord,
and mak'st thy law to learn:
13 That thou may'st give him rest from days
of sad adversity,
Until the pit be digg'd for those
that work iniquity.

14 For sure the Lord will not cast off
those that his people be,
Neither his own inheritance
quit and forsake will he:
15 But judgment unto righteousness
shall yet return again;
And all shall follow after it
that are right-hearted men.

16 Who will rise up for me against
those that do wickedly?
Who will stand up for me 'gainst those
that work iniquity?
17 Unless the Lord had been my help
when I was sore opprest,
Almost my soul had in the house
of silence been at rest.

18 When I had uttered this word,
(my foot doth slip away,)
Thy mercy held me up, O Lord,
thy goodness did me stay.
19 Amidst the multitude of thoughts
which in my heart do fight,
My soul, lest it be overcharg'd,
thy comforts do delight.

20 Shall of iniquity the throne
have fellowship with thee,
Which mischief, cunningly contriv'd,
doth by a law decree?
21 Against the righteous souls they join,
they guiltless blood condemn.
22 But of my refuge God's the rock,
and my defence from them.

23 On them their own iniquity
the Lord shall bring and lay,
And cut them off in their own sin;
our Lord God shall them slay.

PSALM XCV.

1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord:
come, let us ev'ry one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
of our salvation.
2 Let us before his presence come
with praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
and make a joyful noise.

3 For God, a great God, and great King,
above all gods he is.
4 Depths of the earth are in his hand,
the strength of hills is his.
5 To him the spacious sea belongs,
for he the same did make;
The dry land also from his hands
its form at first did take.

6 O come, and let us worship him,
let us bow down withal,

And on our knees before the Lord
our Maker let us fall.
7 For he's our God, the people we
of his own pasture are,
And of his hand the sheep; to-day,
if ye his voice will hear,

8 Then harden not your hearts, as in
the provocation,
As in the desert, on the day
of the tentation:
9 When me your fathers tempt'd and prov'd,
and did my working see;
10 Ev'n for the space of forty years
this race hath grieved me.

I said, This people errs in heart,
my ways they do not know:
11 To whom I sware in wrath, that to
my rest they should not go.

PSALM XCVI.

1 O SING a new song to the Lord:
sing all the earth to God.
2 To God sing, bless his name, shew still
his saving health abroad.
3 Among the heathen nations
his glory do declare;
And unto all the people shew
his works that wondrous are.

4 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
is to be magnify'd;
Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
above all gods beside.

5 For all the gods are idols dumb,
which blinded nations fear;
But our God is the Lord, by whom
the heav'ns created were.

6 Great honour is before his face,
and majesty divine;
Strength is within his holy place,
and there doth beauty shine.
7 Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
of people ev'ry tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord,
and mighty pow'r ascribe.

8 Give ye the glory to the Lord
that to his name is due;
Come ye into his courts, and bring
an offering with you.
9 In beauty of his holiness,
O do the Lord adore;
Likewise let all the earth throughout
tremble his face before.

10 Among the heathen say, God reigns;
the world shall stedfastly
Be fix'd from moving; he shall judge
the people righteously.
11 Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
and let the earth rejoice;
Let seas, and all that is therein,
cry out, and make a noise.

12 Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
that springeth of the earth:
Then woods and ev'ry tree shall sing
with gladness and with mirth

13 Before the Lord; because he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
the people faithfully.

PSALM XCVII.

1 GOD reigneth, let the earth be glad,
and isles rejoice each one.
2 Dark clouds him compass; and in right
with judgment dwells his throne.
3 Fire goes before him, and his foes
it burns up round about:
4 His lightnings lighten did the world;
earth saw, and shook throughout.

5 Hills at the presence of the Lord,
like wax, did melt away;
Ev'n at the presence of the Lord
of all the earth, I say.
6 The heav'ns declare his righteousness,
all men his glory see.
7 All who serve graven images,
confounded let them be.

Who do of idols boast themselves,
let shame upon them fall:
Ye that are called gods, see that
ye do him worship all.
8 Sion did hear, and joyful was,
glad Judah's daughters were;
They much rejoic'd, O Lord, because
thy judgments did appear.

9 For thou, O Lord, art high above
all things on earth that are;

Above all other gods thou art
exalted very far.
10 Hate ill, all ye that love the Lord:
his saints' souls keepeth he;
And from the hands of wicked men
he sets them safe and free.

11 For all those that be righteous
sown is a joyful light,
And gladness sown is for all those
that are in heart upright.
12 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
express your thankfulness,
When ye into your memory
do call his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 O SING a new song to the Lord,
for wonders he hath done:
His right hand and his holy arm
him victory hath won.
2 The Lord God his salvation
hath caused to be known;
His justice in the heathen's sight
he openly hath shown.

3 He mindful of his grace and truth
to Isr'el's house hath been;
And the salvation of our God
all ends of th' earth have seen.
4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
sing praises, and rejoice.

5 With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms,
unto JEHOVAH sing:
6 With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
before the Lord the King.
7 Let seas and all their fulness roar;
the world, and dwellers there;
8 Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
together joy declare

9 Before the Lord; because he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
his folk with equity.

PSALM XCIX.

1 TH' eternal Lord doth reign as king,
let all the people quake;
He sits between the cherubims,
let th' earth be mov'd and shake.
2 The Lord in Sion great and high
above all people is;
3 Thy great and dreadful name (for it
is holy) let them bless.

4 The king's strength also judgment loves;
thou settlest equity:
Just judgment thou dost execute
in Jacob righteously.
5 The Lord our God exalt on high,
and rev'rently do ye
Before his footstool worship him:
the Holy One is he.

6 Moses and Aaron 'mong his priests,
Samuel, with them that call

Upon his name: these call'd on God,
and he them answer'd all.
7 Within the pillar of the cloud
he unto them did speak:
The testimonies he them taught,
and laws, they did not break.

8 Thou answer'dst them, O Lord our God;
thou wast a God that gave
Pardon to them, though on their deeds
thou wouldest vengeance have.
9 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
and at his holy hill
Do ye him worship: for the Lord
our God is holy still.

PSALM C.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
2 Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
3 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

4 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
5 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Another of the same.

1 O ALL ye lands, unto the Lord
make ye a joyful noise.
2 Serve God with gladness, him before
come with a singing voice.
3 Know ye the Lord that he is God;
not we, but he us made:
We are his people, and the sheep
within his pasture fed.

4 Enter his gates and courts with praise,
to thank him go ye thither:
To him express your thankfulness,
and bless his name together.
5 Because the Lord our God is good,
his mercy faileth never;
And to all generations
his truth endureth ever.

PSALM CI.

1 I MERCY will and judgment sing,
Lord, I will sing to thee.
2 With wisdom in a perfect way
shall my behaviour be.
O when, in kindness unto me,
wilt thou be pleas'd to come?
I with a perfect heart will walk
within my house at home.

3 I will endure no wicked thing
before mine eyes to be:
I hate their work that turn aside,
it shall not cleave to me.

4 A stubborn and a froward heart
depart quite from me shall;
A person giv'n to wickedness
I will not know at all.

5 I'll cut him off that slandereth
his neighbour privily:
The haughty heart I will not bear,
nor him that looketh high.
6 Upon the faithful of the land
mine eyes shall be, that they
May dwell with me: he shall me serve
that walks in perfect way.

7 Who of deceit a worker is
in my house shall not dwell;
And in my presence shall he not
remain that lies doth tell.
8 Yea, all the wicked of the land
early destroy will I;
All from God's city to cut off
that work iniquity.

PSALM CII.

1 O LORD, unto my pray'r give ear,
my cry let come to thee;
2 And in the day of my distress
hide not thy face from me.
Give ear to me; what time I call,
to answer me make haste:
3 For, as an hearth, my bones are burnt,
my days, like smoke, do waste.

4 My heart within me smitten is,
and it is withered

Like very grass; so that I do
forget to eat my bread.
5 By reason of my groaning voice
my bones cleave to my skin.
6 Like pelican in wilderness
forsaken I have been:

I like an owl in desert am,
that nightly there doth moan;
7 I watch, and like a sparrow am
on the house top alone.
8 My bitter en'mies all the day
reproaches cast on me;
And, being mad at me, with rage
against me sworn they be.

9 For why? I ashes eaten have
like bread, in sorrows deep;
My drink I also mingled have
with tears that I did weep.
10 Thy wrath and indignation
did cause this grief and pain;
For thou hast lift me up on high,
and cast me down again.

11 My days are like unto a shade,
which doth declining pass;
And I am dry'd and withered,
ev'n like unto the grass.
12 But thou, Lord, everlasting art,
and thy remembrance shall
Continually endure, and be
to generations all.

13 Thou shalt arise, and mercy have
upon thy Sion yet;

The time to favour her is come,
the time that thou hast set.
14 For in her rubbish and her stones
thy servants pleasure take;
Yea, they the very dust thereof
do favour for her sake.

15 So shall the heathen people fear
the Lord's most holy name;
And all the kings on earth shall dread
thy glory and thy fame.
16 When Sion by the mighty Lord
built up again shall be,
In glory then and majesty
to men appear shall he.

17 The prayer of the destitute
he surely will regard;
Their prayer will he not despise,
by him it shall be heard.
18 For generations yet to come
this shall be on record:
So shall the people that shall be
created praise the Lord.

19 He from his sanctuary's height
hath downward cast his eye;
And from his glorious throne in heav'n
the Lord the earth did spy;
20 That of the mournful prisoner
the groanings he might hear,
To set them free that unto death
by men appointed are:

21 That they in Sion may declare
the Lord's most holy name,

And publish in Jerusalem
the praises of the same ;
22 When as the people gather shall
in troops with one accord,
When kingdoms shall assembled be
to serve the highest Lord.

23 My wonted strength and force he hath
abated in the way,
And he my days hath shortened :
24 Thus therefore did I say,
My God, in mid-time of my days
take thou me not away :
From age to age eternally
thy years endure and stay.

25 The firm foundation of the earth
of old time thou hast laid ;
The heavens also are the work
which thine own hands have made.
26 Thou shalt for evermore endure,
but they shall perish all ;
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
like to a garment, shall :

Thou, as a vesture, shalt them change,
and they shall changed be :
27 But thou the same art, and thy years
are to eternity.
28 The children of thy servants shall
continually endure ;
And in thy sight, O Lord, their seed
shall be establish'd sure.

Another of the same.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, and let my cry
Have speedy access unto thee;
2 In day of my calamity
O hide not thou thy face from me.
Hear when I call to thee; that day
An answer speedily return:
3 My days, like smoke, consume away,
And, as an hearth, my bones do burn.

4 My heart is wounded very sore,
And withered, like grass doth fade:
I am forgetful grown therefore
To take and eat my daily bread.
5 By reason of my smart within,
And voice of my most grievous groans,
My flesh consumed is, my skin,
All parch'd, doth cleave unto my bones.

6 The pelican of wilderness,
The owl in desert, I do match;
7 And, sparrow-like, companionless,
Upon the house's top, I watch.
8 I all day long am made a scorn,
Reproach'd by my malicious foes:
The madmen are against me sworn,
The men against me that arose.

9 For I have ashes eaten up,
To me as if they had been bread;
And with my drink I in my cup
Of bitter tears a mixture made.
10 Because thy wrath was not appeas'd,
And dreadful indignation:

Therefore it was that thou me rais'd,
And thou again didst cast me down.

11 My days are like a shade alway,
Which doth declining swiftly pass;
And I am withered away,
Much like unto the fading grass.
12 But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And to all generations sure
Shall thy remembrance ever be.

13 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Sion shalt extend:
Her time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.
14 Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
Her very dust to them is dear.
15 All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name shall fear.

16 God in his glory shall appear,
When Sion he builds and repairs.
17 He shall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs:
Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not scorn.
18 All times this shall be on record:
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

19 He from his holy place look'd down,
The earth he view'd from heav'n on high;
20 To hear the pris'ner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doom'd to die;
21 That Sion, and Jerus'lem too,
His name and praise may well record,

22 When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.

23 My strength he weaken'd in the way,
My days of life he shortened.
24 My God, O take me not away
In mid-time of my days, I said:
Thy years throughout all ages last.
25 Of old thou hast established
The earth's foundation firm and fast:
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have made.

26 They perish shall, as garments do,
But thou shalt evermore endure;
As vestures, thou shalt change them so;
And they shall all be changed sure:
27 But from all changes thou art free;
Thy endless years do last for aye.
28 Thy servants, and their seed who be,
Establish'd shall before thee stay.

PSALM CIII.

1 O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;
and all that in me is
Be stirred up his holy name
to magnify and bless.
2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
and not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
he hath bestow'd on thee.

3 All thine iniquities who doth
most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
to death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
and tender mercies crown:

5 Who with abundance of good things
doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
renewed is thy youth.
6 God righteous judgment executes
for all oppressed ones.
7 His ways to Moses, he his acts
made known to Isr'el's sons.

8 The Lord our God is merciful,
and he is gracious,
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
in mercy plenteous.
9 He will not chide continually,
nor keep his anger still.
10 With us he dealt not as we sinn'd,
nor did requite our ill.

11 For as the heaven in its height
the earth surmounteth far;
So great to those that do him fear
his tender mercies are:
12 As far as east is distant from
the west, so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
all our iniquity.

13 Such pity as a father hath
unto his children dear;
Like pity shews the Lord to such
as worship him in fear.

14 For he remembers we are dust,
and he our frame well knows.
15 Frail man, his days are like the grass,
as flow'r in field he grows:

16 For over it the wind doth pass,
and it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
it shall no more be known.
17 But unto them that do him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
his righteousness extends:

18 To such as keep his covenant,
and mindful are alway
Of his most just commandements,
that they may them obey.
19 The Lord prepared hath his throne
in heavens firm to stand;
And ev'ry thing that being hath
his kingdom doth command.

20 O ye his angels, that excel
in strength, bless ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what he commands,
and hearken to his word.
21 O bless and magnify the Lord,
ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
whate'er his pleasure is.

22 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
wherewith the world is stor'd
In his dominions ev'ry where.
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

1 BLESS God, my soul. O Lord my God,
thou art exceeding great;
With honour and with majesty
thou clothed art in state.
2 With light, as with a robe, thyself
thou coverest about;
And, like unto a curtain, thou
the heavens stretchest out.

3 Who of his chambers doth the beams
within the waters lay;
Who doth the clouds his chariot make,
on wings of wind make way.
4 Who flaming fire his ministers,
his angels sp'rits, doth make:
5 Who earth's foundations did lay,
that it should never shake.

6 Thou didst it cover with the deep,
as with a garment spread:
The waters stood above the hills,
when thou the word but said.
7 But at the voice of thy rebuke
they fled, and would not stay;
They at thy thunder's dreadful voice
did haste them fast away.

8 They by the mountains do ascend,
and by the valley-ground
Descend, unto that very place
which thou for them didst found.
9 Thou hast a bound unto them set,
that they may not pass over,
That they do not return again
the face of earth to cover.

10 He to the valleys sends the springs,
which run among the hills:
11 They to all beasts of field give drink,
wild asses drink their fills.
12 By them the fowls of heav'n shall have
their habitation,
Which do among the branches sing
with delectation.

13 He from his chambers watereth
the hills, when they are dry'd:
With fruit and increase of thy works
the earth is satisfy'd.
14 For cattle he makes grass to grow,
he makes the herb to spring
For th' use of man, that food to him
he from the earth may bring;

15 And wine, that to the heart of man
doth cheerfulness impart,
Oil that his face makes shine, and bread
that strengtheneth his heart.
16 The trees of God are full of sap;
the cedars that do stand
In Lebanon, which planted were
by his almighty hand.

17 Birds of the air upon their boughs
do chuse their nests to make;
As for the stork, the fir-tree she
doth for her dwelling take.
18 The lofty mountains for wild goats
a place of refuge be;
The conies also to the rocks
do for their safety flee.

19 He sets the moon in heav'n, thereby
the seasons to discern:
From him the sun his certain time
of going down doth learn.
20 Thou darkness mak'st, 'tis night, then beasts
of forests creep abroad.
21 The lions young roar for their prey,
and seek their meat from God.

22 The sun doth rise, and home they flock,
down in their dens they lie.
23 Man goes to work, his labour he
doth to the ev'ning ply.
24 How manifold, Lord, are thy works!
in wisdom wonderful
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made;
earth's of thy riches full:

25 So is this great and spacious sea,
wherein things creeping are,
Which number'd cannot be; and beasts
both great and small are there.
26 There ships go; there thou mak'st to play
that leviathan great.
27 These all wait on thee, that thou may'st
in due time give them meat.

28 That which thou givest unto them
they gather for their food;
Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
they filled are with good.
29 Thou hid'st thy face; they troubled are,
their breath thou tak'st away;
Then do they die, and to their dust
return again do they.

30 Thy quick'ning spirit thou send'st forth,
then they created be;
And then the earth's decayed face
renewed is by thee.
31 The glory of the mighty Lord
continue shall for ever:
The Lord JEHOVAH shall rejoice
in all his works together.

32 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,
if he on it but look;
And if the mountains he but touch,
they presently do smoke.
33 I will sing to the Lord most high,
so long as I shall live;
And while I being have I shall
to my God praises give.

34 Of him my meditation shall
sweet thoughts to me afford;
And as for me, I will rejoice
in God, my only Lord.
35 From earth let sinners be consum'd,
let ill men no more be.
O thou my soul, bless thou the Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CV.

1 GIVE thanks to God, call on his name;
to men his deeds make known.
2 Sing ye to him, sing psalms; proclaim
his wondrous works each one.
3 See that ye in his holy name
to glory do accord;

And let the heart of ev'ry one
rejoice that seeks the Lord.

4 The Lord Almighty, and his strength,
with stedfast hearts seek ye:
His blessed and his gracious face
seek ye continually.
5 Think on the works that he hath done,
which admiration breed;
His wonders, and the judgments all
which from his mouth proceed;

6 O ye that are of Abr'ham's race,
his servant well approv'n;
And ye that Jacob's children are,
whom he chose for his own.
7 Because he, and he only, is
the mighty Lord our God;
And his most righteous judgments are
in all the earth abroad.

8 His cov'nant he remember'd hath,
that it may ever stand:
To thousand generations
the word he did command.
9 Which covenant he firmly made
with faithful Abraham,
And unto Isaac, by his oath,
he did renew the same:

10 And unto Jacob, for a law,
he made it firm and sure,
A covenant to Israel,
which ever should endure.
11 He said, I'll give Canaan's land
for heritage to you;

12 While they were strangers there, and few,
in number very few:

13 While yet they went from land to land
without a sure abode;
And while through sundry kingdoms they
did wander far abroad;
14 Yet, notwithstanding, suffer'd he
no man to do them wrong:
Yea, for their sakes, he did reprove
kings, who were great and strong.

15 Thus did he say, Touch ye not those
that mine anointed be,
Nor do the prophets any harm
that do pertain to me.
16 He call'd for famine on the land,
he brake the staff of bread:
17 But yet he sent a man before,
by whom they should be fed;

Ev'n Joseph, whom unnat'rally
sell for a slave did they;
18 Whose feet with fetters they did hurt,
and he in irons lay;
19 Until the time that his word came
to give him liberty;
The word and purpose of the Lord
did him in prison try.

20 Then sent the king, and did command
that he enlarg'd should be:
He that the people's ruler was
did send to set him free.
21 A lord to rule his family
he rais'd him, as most fit;

To him of all that he possess'd
he did the charge commit:

22 That he might at his pleasure bind
the princes of the land;
And he might teach his senators
wisdom to understand.
23 The people then of Israel
down into Egypt came;
And Jacob also sojourned
within the land of Ham.

24 And he did greatly by his pow'r
increase his people there;
And stronger than their enemies
they by his blessing were.
25 Their heart he turned to envy
his folk maliciously,
With those that his own servants were
to deal in subtilty.

26 His servant Moses he did send,
Aaron his chosen one.
27 By these his signs and wonders great
in Ham's land were made known.
28 Darkness he sent, and made it dark;
his word they did obey.
29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
and he their fish did slay.

30 The land in plenty brought forth frogs
in chambers of their kings.
31 His word all sorts of flies and lice
in all their borders brings.
32 He hail for rain, and flaming fire
into their land he sent:

33 And he their vines and fig-trees smote;
trees of their coasts he rent.

34 He spake, and caterpillars came,
locusts did much abound;
35 Which in their land all herbs consum'd,
and all fruits of their ground.
36 He smote all first-born in their land,
chief of their strength each one.
37 With gold and silver brought them forth,
weak in their tribes were none.

38 Egypt was glad when forth they went,
their fear on them did light.
39 He spread a cloud for covering,
and fire to shine by night.
40 They ask'd, and he brought quails: with bread
of heav'n he filled them.
41 He open'd rocks, floods gush'd, and ran
in deserts like a stream.

42 For on his holy promise he,
and servant Abr'ham, thought.
43 With joy his people, his elect
with gladness, forth he brought.
44 And unto them the pleasant lands
he of the heathen gave;
That of the people's labour they
inheritance might have.

45 That they his statutes might observe
according to his word;
And that they might his laws obey.
Give praise unto the Lord.

1 GIVE praise and thanks unto the Lord,
for bountiful is he;
His tender mercy doth endure
unto eternity.
2 God's mighty works who can express?
or shew forth all his praise?
3 Blessed are they that judgment keep,
and justly do always.

4 Remember me, Lord, with that love
which thou to thine dost bear;
With thy salvation, O my God,
to visit me draw near:
5 That I thy chosen's good may see,
and in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
triumph with cheerful voice.

6 We with our fathers sinned have,
and of iniquity
Too long we have the workers been;
we have done wickedly.
7 The wonders great, which thou, O Lord,
didst work in Egypt land,
Our fathers, though they saw, yet them
they did not understand:

And they thy mercies' multitude
kept not in memory;
But at the sea, ev'n the Red sea,
provok'd him grievously.
8 Nevertheless he saved them,
ev'n for his own name's sake;
That so he might to be well known
his mighty power make.

9 When he the Red sea did rebuke,
then dried up it was:
Through depths, as through the wilderness,
he safely made them pass.
10 From hands of those that hated them
he did his people save;
And from the en'my's cruel hand
to them redemption gave.

11 The waters overwhelm'd their foes;
not one was left alive.
12 Then they believ'd his word, and praise
to him in songs did give.
13 But soon did they his mighty works
forget unthankfully,
And on his counsel and his will
did not wait patiently;

14 But much did lust in wilderness,
and God in desert tempt.
15 He gave them what they sought, but to
their soul he leanness sent.
16 And against Moses in the camp
their envy did appear;
At Aaron they, the saint of God,
envious also were.

17 Therefore the earth did open wide,
and Dathan did devour,
And all Abiram's company
did cover in that hour.
18 Likewise among their company
a fire was kindled then;
And so the hot consuming flame
burnt up these wicked men.

19 Upon the hill of Horeb they
an idol-calf did frame,
A molten image they did make,
and worshipped the same.
20 And thus their glory, and their God,
most vainly changed they
Into the likeness of an ox
that eateth grass or hay.

21 They did forget the mighty God,
that had their saviour been,
By whom such great things brought to pass
they had in Egypt seen.
22 In Ham's land he did wondrous works,
things terrible did he,
When he his mighty hand and arm
stretch'd out at the Red sea.

23 Then said he, He would them destroy,
had not, his wrath to stay,
His chosen Moses stood in breach,
that them he should not slay.
24 Yea, they despis'd the pleasant land,
believed not his word:
25 But in their tents they murmured,
not heark'ning to the Lord.

26 Therefore in desert them to slay
he lifted up his hand:
27 'Mong nations to o'erthrow their seed,
and scatter in each land.
28 They unto Baal-peor did
themselves associate;
The sacrifices of the dead
they did profanely eat.

29 Thus, by their lewd inventions,
they did provoke his ire;
And then upon them suddenly
the plague brake in as fire.
30 Then Phin'has rose, and justice did,
and so the plague did cease;
31 That to all ages counted was
to him for righteousness.

32 And at the waters, where they strove,
they did him angry make,
In such sort, that it fared ill
with Moses for their sake:
33 Because they there his spirit meek
provoked bitterly,
So that he utter'd with his lips
words unadvisedly.

34 Nor, as the Lord commanded them,
did they the nations slay:
35 But with the heathen mingled were,
and learn'd of them their way.
36 And they their idols serv'd, which did
a snare unto them turn.
37 Their sons and daughters they to dev'ls
in sacrifice did burn.

38 In their own children's guiltless blood
their hands they did imbrue,
Whom to Canaan's idols they
for sacrifices slew:
So was the land defil'd with blood.
39 They stain'd with their own way,
And with their own inventions
a whoring they did stray.

40 Against his people kindled was
the wrath of God therefore,
Insomuch that he did his own
inheritance abhor.
41 He gave them to the heathen's hand;
their foes did them command.
42 Their en'mies them oppress'd, they were
made subject to their hand.

43 He many times deliver'd them;
but with their counsel so
They him provok'd, that for their sin
they were brought very low.
44 Yet their affliction he beheld,
when he did hear their cry:
45 And he for them his covenant
did call to memory;

After his mercies' multitude
46 he did repent: And made
Them to be pitied of all those
who did them captive lead.
47 O Lord our God, us save, and gather
the heathen from among,
That we thy holy name may praise
in a triumphant song.

48 Bless'd be JEHOVAH, Isr'el's God,
to all eternity:
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CVII.

1 PRAISE God, for he is good: for still
his mercies lasting be.

2 Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he
from th' en'my's hand did free;
3 And gather'd them out of the lands,
from north, south, east, and west.
4 They stray'd in desert's pathless way,
no city found to rest.

5 For thirst and hunger in them faints
6 their soul. When straits them press,
They cry unto the Lord, and he
them frees from their distress.
7 Them also in a way to walk
that right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go,
wherein they might abide.

8 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men!
9 For he the soul that longing is
doth fully satisfy;
With goodness he the hungry soul
doth fill abundantly.

10 Such as shut up in darkness deep,
and in death's shade abide,
Whom strongly hath affliction bound,
and irons fast have ty'd:
11 Because against the words of God
they wrought rebelliously,
And they the counsel did contemn
of him that is most High:

12 Their heart he did bring down with grief,
they fell, no help could have.

13 In trouble then they cry'd to God,
he them from straits did save.
14 He out of darkness did them bring,
and from death's shade them take;
These bands, wherewith they had been bound,
asunder quite he brake.

15 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men!
16 Because the mighty gates of brass
in pieces he did tear,
By him in sunder also cut
the bars of iron were.

17 Fools, for their sin, and their offence,
do sore affliction bear;
18 All kind of meat their soul abhors;
they to death's gates draw near.
19 In grief they cry to God; he saves
them from their miseries.
20 He sends his word, them heals, and them
from their destructions frees.

21 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men!
22 And let them sacrifice to him
off'rings of thankfulness;
And let them shew abroad his works
in songs of joyfulness.

23 Who go to sea in ships, and in
great waters trading be,

24 Within the deep these men God's works
and his great wonders see.
25 For he commands, and forth in haste
the stormy tempest flies,
Which makes the sea with rolling waves
aloft to swell and rise.

26 They mount to heav'n, then to the depths
they do go down again;
Their soul doth faint and melt away
with trouble and with pain.
27 They reel and stagger like one drunk,
at their wit's end they be:
28 Then they to God in trouble cry,
who them from straits doth free.

29 The storm is chang'd into a calm
at his command and will;
So that the waves, which rag'd before,
now quiet are and still.
30 Then are they glad, because at rest
and quiet now they be:
So to the haven he them brings,
which they desir'd to see.

31 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men!
32 Among the people gathered
let them exalt his name;
Among assembled elders spread
his most renowned fame.

33 He to dry land turns water-springs,
and floods to wilderness;

34 For sins of those that dwell therein,
fat land to barrenness.
35 The burnt and parched wilderness
to water-pools he brings;
The ground that was dry'd up before
he turns to water-springs:

36 And there, for dwelling, he a place
doth to the hungry give,
That they a city may prepare
commodiously to live.
37 There sow they fields, and vineyards plant,
to yield fruits of increase.
38 His blessing makes them multiply,
lets not their beasts decrease.

39 Again they are diminished,
and very low brought down,
Through sorrow and affliction,
and great oppression.
40 He upon princes pours contempt,
and causeth them to stray,
And wander in a wilderness,
wherein there is no way.

41 Yet setteth he the poor on high
from all his miseries,
And he, much like unto a flock,
doth make him families.
42 They that are righteous shall rejoice,
when they the same shall see;
And, as ashamed, stop her mouth
shall all iniquity.

43 Whoso is wise, and will these things
observe, and them record,

Ev'n they shall understand the love
and kindness of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

1 MY heart is fix'd, Lord; I will sing,
and with my glory praise.
2 Awake up psaltery and harp;
myself I'll early raise.
3 I'll praise thee 'mong the people, Lord;
'mong nations sing will I:
4 For above heav'n thy mercy's great,
thy truth doth reach the sky.

5 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
exalted gloriously;
Thy glory all the earth above
be lifted up on high.
6 That those who thy beloved are
delivered may be,
O do thou save with thy right hand,
and answer give to me.

7 God in his holiness hath said,
Herein I will take pleasure;
Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley measure.
8 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Manasseh mine shall be;
Ephraim is of my head the strength;
Judah gives laws for me;

9 Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
I'll over Edom throw;
Over the land of Palestine
I will in triumph go.

10 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?
O who is he that to the land
of Edom will me guide?

11 O God, thou who hadst cast us off,
this thing wilt thou not do?
And wilt not thou, ev'n thou, O God,
forth with our armies go?
12 Do thou from trouble give us help,
for helpless is man's aid.
13 Through God we shall do valiantly;
our foes he shall down tread.

PSALM CIX.

1 O THOU the God of all my praise,
do thou not hold thy peace;
2 For mouths of wicked men to speak
against me do not cease:
The mouths of vile deceitful men
against me open'd be;
And with a false and lying tongue
they have accused me.

3 They did beset me round about
with words of hateful spight:
And though to them no cause I gave,
against me they did fight.
4 They for my love became my foes,
but I me set to pray.
5 Evil for good, hatred for love,
to me they did repay.

6 Set thou the wicked over him;
and upon his right hand

Give thou his greatest enemy,
ev'n Satan, leave to stand.
7 And when by thee he shall be judg'd,
let him condemned be;
And let his pray'r be turn'd to sin,
when he shall call on thee.

8 Few be his days, and in his room
his charge another take.
9 His children let be fatherless,
his wife a widow make.
10 His children let be vagabonds,
and beg continually;
And from their places desolate
seek bread for their supply.

11 Let covetous extortioners
catch all he hath away:
Of all for which he labour'd hath
let strangers make a prey.
12 Let there be none to pity him,
let there be none at all
That on his children fatherless
will let his mercy fall.

13 Let his posterity from earth
cut off for ever be,
And in the foll'wing age their name
be blotted out by thee.
14 Let God his father's wickedness
still to remembrance call;
And never let his mother's sin
be blotted out at all.

15 But let them all before the Lord
appear continually,

That he may wholly from the earth
cut off their memory.
16 Because he mercy minded not,
but persecuted still
The poor and needy, that he might
the broken-hearted kill.

17 As he in cursing pleasure took,
so let it to him fall;
As he delighted not to bless,
so bless him not at all.
18 As cursing he like clothes put on,
into his bowels so,
Like water, and into his bones,
like oil, down let it go.

19 Like to the garment let it be
which doth himself array,
And for a girdle, wherewith he
is girt about alway.
20 From God let this be their reward
that en'mies are to me,
And their reward that speak against
my soul maliciously.

21 But do thou, for thine own name's sake,
O God the Lord, for me:
Sith good and sweet thy mercy is,
from trouble set me free.
22 For I am poor and indigent,
afflicted sore am I,
My heart within me also is
wounded exceedingly.

23 I pass like a declining shade,
am like the locust tost:

24 My knees through fasting weaken'd are,
my flesh hath fatness lost.
25 I also am a vile reproach
unto them made to be;
And they that did upon me look
did shake their heads at me.

26 O do thou help and succour me,
who art my God and Lord:
And, for thy tender mercy's sake,
safety to me afford:
27 That thereby they may know that this
is thy almighty hand;
And that thou, Lord, hast done the same,
they may well understand.

28 Although they curse with spite, yet, Lord,
bless thou with loving voice:
Let them asham'd be when they rise;
thy servant let rejoice.
29 Let thou mine adversaries all
with shame be clothed over;
And let their own confusion
them, as a mantle, cover.

30 But as for me, I with my mouth
will greatly praise the Lord;
And I among the multitude
his praises will record.
31 For he shall stand at his right hand
who is in poverty,
To save him from all those that would
condemn his soul to die.

1 THE Lord did say unto my Lord,
Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thy foes a stool,
whereon thy feet may stand.
2 The Lord shall out of Sion send
the rod of thy great pow'r:
In midst of all thine enemies
be thou the governor.

3 A willing people in thy day
of pow'r shall come to thee,
In holy beauties from morn's womb;
thy youth like dew shall be.
4 The Lord himself hath made an oath,
and will repent him never,
Of th' order of Melchisedec
thou art a priest for ever.

5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
that sits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, strike through
kings that do him withstand.
6 He shall among the heathen judge,
he shall with bodies dead
The places fill: o'er many lands
he wound shall ev'ry head.

7 The brook that runneth in the way
with drink shall him supply;
And, for this cause, in triumph he
shall lift his head on high.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: with my whole heart
I will God's praise declare,

Where the assemblies of the just
and congregations are.
2 The whole works of the Lord our God
are great above all measure,
Sought out they are of ev'ry one
that doth therein take pleasure.

3 His work most honourable is,
most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
for ever doth endure.
4 His works most wonderful he hath
made to be thought upon:
The Lord is gracious, and he is
full of compassion.

5 He giveth meat unto all those
that truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
he in his mind will bear.
6 He did the power of his works
unto his people show,
When he the heathen's heritage
upon them did bestow.

7 His handy-works are truth and right;
all his commands are sure:
8 And, done in truth and uprightness,
they evermore endure.
9 He sent redemption to his folk;
his covenant for aye
He did command: holy his name
and rev'rend is alway.

10 Wisdom's beginning is God's fear:
good understanding they

Have all that his commands fulfil:
his praise endures for aye.

PSALM CXII.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. The man is bless'd
that fears the Lord aright,
He who in his commandements
doth greatly take delight.
2 His seed and offspring powerful
shall be the earth upon:
Of upright men blessed shall be
the generation.

3 Riches and wealth shall ever be
within his house in store;
And his unspotted righteousness
endures for evermore.
4 Unto the upright light doth rise,
though he in darkness be:
Compassionate, and merciful,
and righteous, is he.

5 A good man doth his favour shew,
and doth to others lend:
He with discretion his affairs
will guide unto the end.
6 Surely there is not any thing
that ever shall him move:
The righteous man's memorial
shall everlasting prove.

7 When he shall evil tidings hear,
he shall not be afraid:
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
upon the Lord is stay'd.

8 His heart is firmly stablished,
afraid he shall not be,
Until upon his enemies
he his desire shall see.

9 He hath dispers'd, giv'n to the poor;
his righteousness shall be
To ages all; with honour shall
his horn be raised high.
10 The wicked shall it see, and fret,
his teeth gnash, melt away:
What wicked men do most desire
shall utterly decay.

PSALM CXIII.

1 PRAISE God: ye servants of the Lord,
O praise, the Lord's name praise.
2 Yea, blessed be the name of God
from this time forth always.
3 From rising sun to where it sets,
God's name is to be prais'd.
4 Above all nations God is high,
'bove heav'ns his glory rais'd.

5 Unto the Lord our God that dwells
on high, who can compare?
6 Himself that humbleth things to see
in heav'n and earth that are.
7 He from the dust doth raise the poor,
that very low doth lie;
And from the dunghill lifts the man
oppress'd with poverty;

8 That he may highly him advance,
and with the princes set;

With those that of his people are
the chief, ev'n princes great.
9 The barren woman house to keep
he maketh, and to be
Of sons a mother full of joy.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Isr'el out of Egypt went,
and did his dwelling change,
When Jacob's house went out from those
that were of language strange,
2 He Judah did his sanctuary,
his kingdom Isr'el make:
3 The sea it saw, and quickly fled,
Jordan was driven back.

4 Like rams the mountains, and like lambs
the hills skipp'd to and fro.
5 O sea, why fledd'st thou? Jordan, back
why wast thou driven so?
6 Ye mountains great, wherefore was it
that ye did skip like rams?
And wherefore was it, little hills,
that ye did leap like lambs?

7 O at the presence of the Lord,
earth, tremble thou for fear,
While as the presence of the God
of Jacob doth appear:
8 Who from the hard and stony rock
did standing water bring;
And by his pow'r did turn the flint
into a water-spring.

1 NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
but do thou glory take
Unto thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and for thy mercy's sake.
2 O wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is their God now gone?
3 But our God in the heavens is,
what pleas'd him he hath done.

4 Their idols silver are and gold,
work of men's hands they be.
5 Mouths have they, but they do not speak;
and eyes, but do not see;
6 Ears have they, but they do not hear;
noses, but savour not;
7 Hands, feet, but handle not, nor walk;
nor speak they through their throat.

8 Like them their makers are, and all
on them their trust that build.
9 O Isr'el, trust thou in the Lord,
he is their help and shield.
10 O Aaron's house, trust in the Lord,
their help and shield is he.
11 Ye that fear God, trust in the Lord,
their help and shield he'll be.

12 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
and he will bless us still:
He will the house of Isr'el bless,
bless Aaron's house he will.
13 Both small and great, that fear the Lord,
he will them surely bless.
14 The Lord will you, you and your seed,
aye more and more increase.

15 O blessed are ye of the Lord,
who made the earth and heav'n.
16 The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns, are God's, but he
earth to men's sons hath giv'n.
17 The dead, nor who to silence go,
God's praise do not record.
18 But henceforth we for ever will
bless God. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 I LOVE the Lord, because my voice
and prayers he did hear.
2 I, while I live, will call on him,
who bow'd to me his ear.
3 Of death the cords and sorrows did
about me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.

4 Upon the name of God the Lord
then did I call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.
5 God merciful and righteous is,
yea, gracious is our Lord.
6 God saves the meek: I was brought low,
he did me help afford.

7 O thou my soul, do thou return
unto thy quiet rest;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
his bounty hath exprest.
8 For my distressed soul from death
deliver'd was by thee:

Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears,
my feet from falling, free.

9 I in the land of those that live
will walk the Lord before.
10 I did believe, therefore I spake:
I was afflicted sore.
11 I said, when I was in my haste,
that all men liars be.
12 What shall I render to the Lord
for all his gifts to me?

13 I'll of salvation take the cup,
on God's name will I call:
14 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
before his people all.
15 Dear in God's sight is his saints' death.
16 Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant sure, thine handmaid's son:
my bands thou didst untie.

17 Thank-off'rings I to thee will give,
and on God's name will call.
18 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
before his people all;
19 Within the courts of God's own house,
within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXVII.

1 O GIVE ye praise unto the Lord,
all nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
his name to magnify.

2 For great to us-ward ever are
his loving-kindnesses:
His truth endures for evermore.
The Lord O do ye bless.

PSALM CXVIII.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good;
his mercy lasteth ever.
2 Let those of Israel now say,
His mercy faileth never.
3 Now let the house of Aaron say,
His mercy lasteth ever.
4 Let those that fear the Lord now say,
His mercy faileth never.

5 I in distress call'd on the Lord;
the Lord did answer me:
He in a large place did me set,
from trouble made me free.
6 The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be afraid;
For any thing that man can do
I shall not be dismay'd.

7 The Lord doth take my part with them
that help to succour me:
Therefore on those that do me hate
I my desire shall see.
8 Better it is to trust in God
than trust in man's defence;
9 Better to trust in God than make
princes our confidence.

10 The nations, joining all in one,
did compass me about:

But in the Lord's most holy name
I shall them all root out.
11 They compass'd me about; I say,
they compass'd me about:
But in the Lord's most holy name
I shall them all root out.

12 Like bees they compass'd me about;
like unto thorns that flame
They quenched are: for them shall I
destroy in God's own name.
13 Thou sore hast thrust, that I might fall,
but my Lord helped me.
14 God my salvation is become,
my strength and song is he.

15 In dwellings of the righteous
is heard the melody
Of joy and health: the Lord's right hand
doth ever valiantly.
16 The right hand of the mighty Lord
exalted is on high;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
doth ever valiantly.

17 I shall not die, but live, and shall
the works of God discover.
18 The Lord hath me chastised sore,
but not to death giv'n over.
19 O set ye open unto me
the gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
and I the Lord will bless.

20 This is the gate of God, by it
the just shall enter in.

21 Thee will I praise, for thou me heard'st,
and hast my safety been.
22 That stone is made head corner-stone,
which builders did despise:
23 This is the doing of the Lord,
and wondrous in our eyes.

24 This is the day God made, in it
we'll joy triumphantly.
25 Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray,
send now prosperity.
26 Blessed is he in God's great name
that cometh us to save:
We, from the house which to the Lord
pertains, you blessed have.

27 God is the Lord, who unto us
hath made light to arise:
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
with cords the sacrifice.
28 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;
my God, I will thee praise.
29 Give thanks to God, for he is good:
his mercy lasts always.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH. *The 1st Part.*

1 BLESSED are they that undefil'd,
and straight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's most holy law
do walk, and do not stray.
2 Blessed are they who to observe
his statutes are inclin'd;

And who do seek the living God
with their whole heart and mind.

3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
do no iniquity.
4 Thou hast commanded us to keep
thy precepts carefully.
5 O that thy statutes to observe
thou would'st my ways direct!
6 Then shall I not be sham'd, when I
thy precepts all respect.

7 Then with integrity of heart
thee will I praise and bless,
When I the judgments all have learn'd
of thy pure righteousness.
8 That I will keep thy statutes all
firmly resolv'd have I:
O do not then, most gracious God,
forsake me utterly.

BETH. *The 2d Part.*

9 By what means shall a young man learn
his way to purify?
If he according to thy word
thereto attentive be.
10 Unfeignedly thee have I sought
with all my soul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
of thy commands depart.

11 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
that I offend not thee.
12 O Lord, thou ever blessed art,
thy statutes teach thou me.

13 The judgments of thy mouth each one
my lips declared have:
14 More joy thy testimonies' way
than riches all me gave.

15 I will thy holy precepts make
my meditation;
And carefully I'll have respect
unto thy ways each one.
16 Upon thy statutes my delight
shall constantly be set:
And, by thy grace, I never will
thy holy word forget.

GIMEL. *The 3d Part.*

17 With me thy servant, in thy grace,
deal bountifully, Lord;
That by thy favour I may live,
and duly keep thy word.
18 Open mine eyes, that of thy law
the wonders I may see.
19 I am a stranger on this earth,
hide not thy laws from me.

20 My soul within me breaks, and doth
much fainting still endure,
Through longing that it hath all times
unto thy judgments pure.
21 Thou hast rebuk'd the cursed proud,
who from thy precepts swerve.
22 Reproach and shame remove from me,
for I thy laws observe.

23 Against me princes spake with spite,
while they in council sat:

But I thy servant did upon
thy statutes meditate.
24 My comfort, and my heart's delight,
thy testimonies be;
And they, in all my doubts and fears,
are counsellors to me.

DALETH. *The 4th Part.*

25 My soul to dust cleaves: quicken me,
according to thy word.
26 My ways I shew'd, and me thou heard'st:
teach me thy statutes, Lord.
27 The way of thy commandements
make me aright to know;
So all thy works that wondrous are
I shall to others show.

28 My soul doth melt, and drop away,
for heaviness and grief:
To me, according to thy word,
give strength, and send relief.
29 From me the wicked way of lies
let far removed be;
And graciously thy holy law
do thou grant unto me.

30 I chosen have the perfect way
of truth and verity:
Thy judgments that most righteous are
before me laid have I.
31 I to thy testimonies cleave;
shame do not on me cast.
32 I'll run thy precepts' way, when thou
my heart enlarged hast.

HE. *The 5th Part.*

33 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way
of thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
34 Give understanding unto me,
so keep thy law shall I;
Yea, ev'n with my whole heart I shall
observe it carefully.

35 In thy law's path make me to go;
for I delight therein.
36 My heart unto thy testimonies,
and not to greed, incline.
37 Turn thou away my sight and eyes
from viewing vanity;
And in thy good and holy way
be pleas'd to quicken me.

38 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
which I did gladly hear,
Ev'n to thy servant, Lord, who is
devoted to thy fear.
39 Turn thou away my fear'd reproach;
for good thy judgments be.
40 Lo, for thy precepts I have long'd;
in thy truth quicken me.

VAU. *The 6th Part.*

41 Let thy sweet mercies also come
and visit me, O Lord;
Ev'n thy benign salvation,
according to thy word.

42 So shall I have wherewith I may
give him an answer just,
Who spitefully reproacheth me;
for in thy word I trust.

43 The word of truth out of my mouth
take thou not utterly;
For on thy judgments righteous
my hope doth still rely.
44 So shall I keep for evermore
thy law continually.
45 And, sith that I thy precepts seek,
I'll walk at liberty.

46 I'll speak thy word to kings, and I
with shame shall not be mov'd;
47 And will delight myself always
in thy laws, which I lov'd.
48 To thy commandments, which I lov'd,
my hands lift up I will;
And I will also meditate
upon thy statutes still.

ZAIN. *The 7th Part.*

49 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word
thou to thy servant spake,
Which, for a ground of my sure hope,
thou causedst me to take.
50 This word of thine my comfort is
in mine affliction:
For in my straits I am reviv'd
by this thy word alone.

51 The men whose hearts with pride are stuff'd
did greatly me deride;

Yet from thy straight commandements
I have not turn'd aside.
52 Thy judgments righteous, O Lord,
which thou of old forth gave,
I did remember, and myself
by them comforted have.

53 Horror took hold on me, because
ill men thy law forsake.
54 I in my house of pilgrimage
thy laws my songs do make.
55 Thy name by night, Lord, I did mind,
and I have kept thy law.
56 And this I had, because thy word
I kept, and stood in awe.

CHETH. *The 8th Part.*

57 Thou my sure portion art alone,
which I did chuse, O Lord:
I have resolv'd, and said, that I
would keep thy holy word.
58 With my whole heart I did entreat
thy face and favour free:
According to thy gracious word
be merciful to me.

59 I thought upon my former ways,
and did my life well try;
And to thy testimonies pure
my feet then turned I.
60 I did not stay, nor linger long,
as those that slothful are;
But hastily thy laws to keep
myself I did prepare.

61 Bands of ill men me robb'd; yet I
thy precepts did not slight.
62 I'll rise at midnight thee to praise,
ev'n for thy judgments right.
63 I am companion to all those
who fear, and thee obey.
64 O Lord, thy mercy fills the earth:
teach me thy laws, I pray.

TETH. *The 9th Part.*

65 Well hast thou with thy servant dealt,
as thou didst promise give.
66 Good judgment me, and knowledge teach,
for I thy word believe.
67 Ere I afflicted was I stray'd;
but now I keep thy word.
68 Both good thou art, and good thou do'st:
teach me thy statutes, Lord.

69 The men that are puff'd up with pride
against me forg'd a lie;
Yet thy commandements observe
with my whole heart will I.
70 Their hearts, through worldly ease and wealth,
as fat as grease they be:
But in thy holy law I take
delight continually.

71 It hath been very good for me
that I afflicted was,
That I might well instructed be,
and learn thy holy laws.
72 The word that cometh from thy mouth
is better unto me

Than many thousands and great sums
of gold and silver be.

JOD. *The 10th Part.*

73 Thou mad'st and fashion'dst me: thy laws
to know give wisdom, Lord.
74 So who thee fear shall joy to see
me trusting in thy word.
75 That very right thy judgments are
I know, and do confess;
And that thou hast afflicted me
in truth and faithfulness.

76 O let thy kindness merciful,
I pray thee, comfort me,
As to thy servant faithfully
was promised by thee.
77 And let thy tender mercies come
to me, that I may live;
Because thy holy laws to me
sweet delectation give.

78 Lord, let the proud ashamed be;
for they, without a cause,
With me perversely dealt: but I
will muse upon thy laws.
79 Let such as fear thee, and have known
thy statutes, turn to me.
80 My heart let in thy laws be sound,
that sham'd I never be.

CAPH. *The 11th Part.*

81 My soul for thy salvation faints;
yet I thy word believe.

82 Mine eyes fail for thy word: I say,
When wilt thou comfort give?
83 For like a bottle I'm become,
that in the smoke is set:
I'm black, and parch'd with grief; yet I
thy statutes not forget.

84 How many are thy servant's days?
when wilt thou execute
Just judgment on these wicked men
that do me persecute?
85 The proud have digged pits for me,
which is against thy laws.
86 Thy words all faithful are: help me,
pursu'd without a cause.

87 They so consum'd me, that on earth
my life they scarce did leave:
Thy precepts yet forsook I not,
but close to them did cleave.
88 After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
me quicken, and preserve:
The testimony of thy mouth
so shall I still observe.

LAMED. *The 12th Part.*

89 Thy word for ever is, O Lord,
in heaven settled fast;
90 Unto all generations
thy faithfulness doth last:
The earth thou hast established,
and it abides by thee.
91 This day they stand as thou ordain'dst;
for all thy servants be.

92 Unless in thy most perfect law
my soul delights had found,
I should have perished, when as
my troubles did abound.
93 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;
they quick'ning to me brought.
94 Lord, I am thine; O save thou me:
thy precepts I have sought.

95 For me the wicked have laid wait,
me seeking to destroy:
But I thy testimonies true
consider will with joy.
96 An end of all perfection
here have I seen, O God:
But as for thy commandement,
it is exceeding broad.

MEM. *The* 13*th Part.*

97 O how love I thy law! it is
my study all the day:
98 It makes me wiser than my foes;
for it doth with me stay.
99 Than all my teachers now I have
more understanding far;
Because my meditation
thy testimonies are.

100 In understanding I excel
those that are ancients;
For I endeavoured to keep
all thy commandements.
101 My feet from each ill way I stay'd,
that I may keep thy word.

102 I from thy judgments have not swerv'd;
for thou hast taught me, Lord.

103 How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,
are all thy words of truth!
Yea, I do find them sweeter far
than honey to my mouth.
104 I through thy precepts, that are pure,
do understanding get;
I therefore ev'ry way that's false
with all my heart do hate.

NUN. *The* 14*th Part.*

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
and to my path a light.
106 I sworn have, and I will perform,
to keep thy judgments right.
107 I am with sore affliction
ev'n overwhelm'd, O Lord:
In mercy raise and quicken me,
according to thy word.

108 The free-will-off'rings of my mouth
accept, I thee beseech:
And unto me thy servant, Lord,
thy judgments clearly teach.
109 Though still my soul be in my hand,
thy laws I'll not forget.
110 I err'd not from them, though for me
the wicked snares did set.

111 I of thy testimonies have
above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye;
for they my heart rejoice.

112 I carefully inclined have
my heart still to attend;
That I thy statutes may perform
alway unto the end.

SAMECH. *The 15th Part.*

113 I hate the thoughts of vanity,
but love thy law do I.
114 My shield and hiding-place thou art:
I on thy word rely.
115 All ye that evil-doers are
from me depart away;
For the commandments of my God
I purpose to obey.

116 According to thy faithful word
uphold and stablish me,
That I may live, and of my hope
ashamed never be.
117 Hold thou me up, so shall I be
in peace and safety still;
And to thy statutes have respect
continually I will.

118 Thou tread'st down all that love to stray;
false their deceit doth prove.
119 Lewd men, like dross, away thou putt'st;
therefore thy law I love.
120 For fear of thee my very flesh
doth tremble, all dismay'd;
And of thy righteous judgments, Lord,
my soul is much afraid.

AIN. *The 16th Part.*

121 To all men I have judgment done,
performing justice right;
Then let me not be left unto
my fierce oppressors' might.
122 For good unto thy servant, Lord,
thy servant's surety be:
From the oppression of the proud
do thou deliver me.

123 Mine eyes do fail with looking long
for thy salvation,
The word of thy pure righteousness
while I do wait upon.
124 In mercy with thy servant deal,
thy laws me teach and show.
125 I am thy servant, wisdom give,
that I thy laws may know.

126 'Tis time thou work, Lord; for they have
made void thy law divine.
127 Therefore thy precepts more I love
than gold, yea, gold most fine.
128 Concerning all things thy commands
all right I judge therefore;
And ev'ry false and wicked way
I perfectly abhor.

PE. *The 17th Part.*

129 Thy statutes, Lord, are wonderful,
my soul them keeps with care.
130 The entrance of thy words gives light,
makes wise who simple are.

131 My mouth I have wide opened,
and panted earnestly,
While after thy commandements
I long'd exceedingly.

132 Look on me, Lord, and merciful
do thou unto me prove,
As thou art wont to do to those
thy name who truly love.
133 O let my footsteps in thy word
aright still order'd be:
Let no iniquity obtain
dominion over me.

134 From man's oppression save thou me;
so keep thy laws I will.
135 Thy face make on thy servant shine;
teach me thy statutes still.
136 Rivers of waters from mine eyes
did run down, when I saw
How wicked men run on in sin,
and do not keep thy law.

TSADDI. *The 18th Part.*

137 O Lord, thou art most righteous;
thy judgments are upright.
138 Thy testimonies thou command'st
most faithful are and right.
139 My zeal hath ev'n consumed me,
because mine enemies
Thy holy words forgotten have,
and do thy laws despise.

140 Thy word's most pure, therefore on it
thy servant's love is set.

141 Small, and despis'd I am, yet I
thy precepts not forget.
142 Thy righteousness is righteousness
which ever doth endure:
Thy holy law, Lord, also is
the very truth most pure.

143 Trouble and anguish have me found,
and taken hold on me:
Yet in my trouble my delight
thy just commandments be.
144 Eternal righteousness is in
thy testimonies all:
Lord, to me understanding give,
and ever live I shall.

KOPH. *The* 19*th Part.*

145 With my whole heart I cry'd, Lord, hear;
I will thy word obey.
146 I cry'd to thee; save me, and I
will keep thy laws alway.
147 I of the morning did prevent
the dawning, and did cry:
For all mine expectation
did on thy word rely.

148 Mine eyes did timeously prevent
the watches of the night,
That in thy word with careful mind
then meditate I might.
149 After thy loving-kindness hear
my voice, that calls on thee:
According to thy judgment, Lord,
revive and quicken me.

150 Who follow mischief they draw nigh;
they from thy law are far:
151 But thou art near, Lord; most firm truth
all thy commandments are.
152 As for thy testimonies all,
of old this have I try'd,
That thou hast surely founded them
for ever to abide.

RESH. *The 20th Part.*

153 Consider mine affliction,
in safety do me set:
Deliver me, O Lord, for I
thy law do not forget.
154 After thy word revive thou me:
save me, and plead my cause.
155 Salvation is from sinners far;
for they seek not thy laws.

156 O Lord, both great and manifold
thy tender mercies be:
According to thy judgments just,
revive and quicken me.
157 My persecutors many are,
and foes that do combine;
Yet from thy testimonies pure
my heart doth not decline.

158 I saw transgressors, and was griev'd;
for they keep not thy word.
159 See how I love thy law! as thou
art kind, me quicken, Lord.
160 From the beginning all thy word
hath been most true and sure:

Thy righteous judgments ev'ry one
for evermore endure.

SCHIN. *The 21st Part.*

161 Princes have persecuted me,
although no cause they saw:
But still of thy most holy word
my heart doth stand in awe.
162 I at thy word rejoice, as one
of spoil that finds great store.
163 Thy law I love; but lying all
I hate and do abhor.

164 Sev'n times a-day it is my care
to give due praise to thee;
Because of all thy judgments, Lord,
which righteous ever be.
165 Great peace have they who love thy law;
offence they shall have none.
166 I hop'd for thy salvation, Lord,
and thy commands have done.

167 My soul thy testimonies pure
observed carefully;
On them my heart is set, and them
I love exceedingly.
168 Thy testimonies and thy laws
I kept with special care;
For all my works and ways each one
before thee open are.

TAU. *The 22d Part.*

169 O let my earnest pray'r and cry
come near before thee, Lord:

Give understanding unto me,
according to thy word.
170 Let my request before thee come:
after thy word me free.
171 My lips shall utter praise, when thou
hast taught thy laws to me.

172 My tongue of thy most blessed word
shall speak, and it confess;
Because all thy commandements
are perfect righteousness.
173 Let thy strong hand make help to me:
thy precepts are my choice.
174 I long'd for thy salvation, Lord,
and in thy law rejoice.

175 O let my soul live, and it shall
give praises unto thee;
And let thy judgments gracious
be helpful unto me.
176 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
thy servant seek, and find:
For thy commands I suffer'd not
to slip out of my mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN my distress to God I cry'd,
and he gave ear to me.
2 From lying lips, and guileful tongue,
O Lord, my soul set free.
3 What shall be giv'n thee? or what shall
be done to thee, false tongue?
4 Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
sharp arrows of the strong.

5 Woe's me that I in Mesech am
a sojourner so long;
That I in tabernacles dwell
to Kedar that belong.
6 My soul with him that hateth peace
hath long a dweller been.
7 I am for peace; but when I speak,
for battle they are keen.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
from whence doth come mine aid.
2 My safety cometh from the Lord,
who heav'n and earth hath made.
3 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
he slumber that thee keeps.
4 Behold, he that keeps Israel,
he slumbers not, nor sleeps.

5 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
on thy right hand doth stay:
6 The moon by night thee shall not smite,
nor yet the sun by day.
7 The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
preserve thee from all ill.
8 Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

PSALM CXXII.

1 I JOY'D when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
2 Jerusalem, within thy gates
our feet shall standing be.

3 Jerus'lem, as a city, is
compactly built together:
4 Unto that place the tribes go up,
the tribes of God go thither:

To Isr'el's testimony, there
to God's name thanks to pay.
5 For thrones of judgment, ev'n the thrones
of David's house, there stay.
6 Pray that Jerusalem may have
peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
have still prosperity.

7 Therefore I wish that peace may still
within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
prosperity retain.
8 Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll say.
9 And for the house of God our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway.

PSALM CXXIII.

1 O THOU that dwellest in the heav'ns,
I lift mine eyes to thee.
2 Behold, as servants' eyes do look
their masters' hand to see,
As handmaid's eyes her mistress' hand;
so do our eyes attend
Upon the Lord our God, until
to us he mercy send.

3 O Lord, be gracious to us,
unto us gracious be;

Because replenish'd with contempt
exceedingly are we.
4 Our soul is fill'd with scorn of those
that at their ease abide,
And with the insolent contempt
of those that swell in pride.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord been on our side,
may Israel now say;
2 Had not the Lord been on our side,
when men rose us to slay;
3 They had us swallow'd quick, when as
their wrath 'gainst us did flame:
4 Waters had cover'd us, our soul
had sunk beneath the stream.

5 Then had the waters, swelling high,
over our soul made way.
6 Bless'd be the Lord, who to their teeth
us gave not for a prey.
7 Our soul's escaped, as a bird
out of the fowler's snare;
The snare asunder broken is,
and we escaped are.

8 Our sure and all-sufficient help
is in JEHOVAH's name;
His name who did the heav'n create,
and who the earth did frame.

Another of the same.

1 NOW Israel
may say, and that truly,

If that the Lord
had not our cause maintain'd;
2 If that the Lord
had not our right sustain'd,
When cruel men
against us furiously
Rose up in wrath,
to make of us their prey;

3 Then certainly
they had devour'd us all,
And swallow'd quick,
for ought that we could deem;
Such was their rage,
as we might well esteem.
4 And as fierce floods
before them all things drown,
So had they brought
our soul to death quite down.

5 The raging streams,
with their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
o'erwhelmed in the deep.
6 But bless'd be God,
who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n
us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
and bloody cruelty.

7 Ev'n as a bird
out of the fowler's snare
Escapes away,
so is our soul set free:

Broke are their nets,
and thus escaped we.
8 Therefore our help
is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
by his great pow'r did frame.

PSALM CXXV.

1 THEY in the Lord that firmly trust
shall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be remov'd,
but standeth ever still.
2 As round about Jerusalem
the mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so,
from henceforth and for aye.

3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
of just men shall not lie;
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands
unto iniquity.
4 Do thou to all those that be good
thy goodness, Lord, impart;
And do thou good to those that are
upright within their heart.

5 But as for such as turn aside
after their crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked men:
on Isr'el peace shall stay.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN Sion's bondage God turn'd back,
as men that dream'd were we.

2 Then fill'd with laughter was our mouth,
our tongue with melody:
They 'mong the heathen said, The Lord
great things for them hath wrought.
3 The Lord hath done great things for us,
whence joy to us is brought.

4 As streams of water in the south,
our bondage, Lord, recall.
5 Who sow in tears, a reaping time
of joy enjoy they shall.
6 That man who, bearing precious seed,
in going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
rejoicing shall return.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 EXCEPT the Lord do build the house,
the builders lose their pain:
Except the Lord the city keep,
the watchmen watch in vain.
2 'Tis vain for you to rise betimes,
or late from rest to keep,
To feed on sorrow's bread; so gives
he his beloved sleep.

3 Lo, children are God's heritage,
the womb's fruit his reward.
4 The sons of youth as arrows are,
for strong men's hands prepar'd.
5 O happy is the man that hath
his quiver fill'd with those;
They unashamed in the gate
shall speak unto their foes.

1 BLESS'D is each one that fears the Lord,
and walketh in his ways;
2 For of thy labour thou shalt eat,
and happy be always.
3 Thy wife shall as a fruitful vine
by thy house' sides be found:
Thy children like to olive-plants
about thy table round.

4 Behold, the man that fears the Lord,
thus blessed shall he be.
5 The Lord shall out of Sion give
his blessing unto thee:
Thou shalt Jerus'lem's good behold
whilst thou on earth dost dwell.
6 Thou shalt thy children's children see,
and peace on Israel.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 OFT did they vex me from my youth,
may Isr'el now declare;
2 Oft did they vex me from my youth,
yet not victorious were.
3 The plowers plow'd upon my back;
they long their furrows drew.
4 The righteous Lord did cut the cords
of the ungodly crew.

5 Let Sion's haters all be turn'd
back with confusion.
6 As grass on houses' tops be they,
which fades ere it be grown:
7 Whereof enough to fill his hand
the mower cannot find;

Nor can the man his bosom fill,
whose work is sheaves to bind.

8 Neither say they who do go by,
God's blessing on you rest:
We in the name of God the Lord
do wish you to be blest.

PSALM CXXX.

1 LORD, from the depths to thee I cry'd.
2 My voice, Lord, do thou hear:
Unto my supplication's voice
give an attentive ear.
3 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O Lord,
should'st mark iniquity?
4 But yet with thee forgiveness is,
that fear'd thou mayest be.

5 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
my hope is in his word.
6 More than they that for morning watch,
my soul waits for the Lord;
I say, more than they that do watch
the morning light to see.
7 Let Israel hope in the Lord,
for with him mercies be;

And plenteous redemption
is ever found with him.
8 And from all his iniquities
he Isr'el shall redeem.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 MY heart not haughty is, O Lord,
mine eyes not lofty be;

Nor do I deal in matters great,
or things too high for me.
2 I surely have myself behav'd
with quiet sp'rit and mild,
As child of mother wean'd: my soul
is like a weaned child.

3 Upon the Lord let all the hope
of Israel rely,
Ev'n from the time that present is
unto eternity.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 DAVID, and his afflictions all,
Lord, do thou think upon;
2 How unto God he sware, and vow'd
to Jacob's mighty One.
3 I will not come within my house,
nor rest in bed at all;
4 Nor shall mine eyes take any sleep,
nor eyelids slumber shall;

5 Till for the Lord a place I find,
where he may make abode;
A place of habitation
for Jacob's mighty God.
6 Lo, at the place of Ephratah
of it we understood;
And we did find it in the fields,
and city of the wood.

7 We'll go into his tabernacles,
and at his footstool bow.
8 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
th' ark of thy strength, and thou.

9 O let thy priests be clothed, Lord,
with truth and righteousness;
And let all those that are thy saints
shout loud for joyfulness.

10 For thine own servant David's sake,
do not deny thy grace;
Nor of thine own anointed one
turn thou away the face.
11 The Lord in truth to David sware,
he will not turn from it,
I of thy body's fruit will make
upon thy throne to sit.

12 My cov'nant if thy sons will keep,
and laws to them made known,
Their children then shall also sit
for ever on thy throne.
13 For God of Sion hath made choice;
there he desires to dwell.
14 This is my rest, here still I'll stay;
for I do like it well.

15 Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor
with bread will satisfy.
16 Her priests I'll clothe with health; her saints
shall shout forth joyfully.
17 And there will I make David's horn
to bud forth pleasantly:
For him that mine anointed is
a lamp ordain'd have I.

18 As with a garment I will clothe
with shame his en'mies all:
But yet the crown that he doth wear
upon him flourish shall.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
and how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
in unity to dwell!
2 Like precious ointment on the head,
that down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
on Sion' hills descend:
For there the blessing God commands,
life that shall never end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye
that his attendants are,
Ev'n you that in God's temple be,
and praise him nightly there.
2 Your hands within God's holy place
lift up, and praise his name.
3 From Sion' hill the Lord thee bless,
that heav'n and earth did frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord's name
his servants, praise ye God. [praise;
2 Who stand in God's house, in the courts
of our God make abode.
3 Praise ye the Lord, for he is good;
unto him praises sing:
Sing praises to his name, because
it is a pleasant thing.

4 For Jacob to himself the Lord
did chuse of his good pleasure,
And he hath chosen Israel
for his peculiar treasure.
5 Because I know assuredly
the Lord is very great,
And that our Lord above all gods
in glory hath his seat.

6 What things soever pleas'd the Lord,
that in the heav'n did he,
And in the earth, the seas, and all
the places deep that be.
7 He from the ends of earth doth make
the vapours to ascend;
With rain he lightnings makes, and wind
doth from his treasures send.

8 Egypt's first-born, from man to beast
9 who smote. Strange tokens he
On Phar'oh and his servants sent,
Egypt, in midst of thee.
10 He smote great nations, slew great kings:
11 Sihon of Heshbon king,
And Og of Bashan, and to nought
did Canaan's kingdoms bring:

12 And for a wealthy heritage
their pleasant land he gave,
An heritage which Israel,
his chosen folk, should have.
13 Thy name, O Lord, shall still endure,
and thy memorial
With honour shall continu'd be
to generations all.

14 For why? the righteous God will judge
his people righteously;
Concerning those that do him serve,
himself repent will he.
15 The idols of the nations
of silver are and gold,
And by the hands of men is made
their fashion and mould.

16 Mouths have they, but they do not speak;
eyes, but they do not see;
17 Ears have they, but hear not; and in
their mouths no breathing be.
18 Their makers are like them; so are
all that on them rely.
19 O Isr'el's house, bless God; bless God,
O Aaron's family.

20 O bless the Lord, of Levi's house
ye who his servants are;
And bless the holy name of God,
all ye the Lord that fear.
21 And blessed be the Lord our God
from Sion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
The Lord O praise ye still.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 GIVE thanks to God, for good is he:
for mercy hath he ever.
2 Thanks to the God of gods give ye:
for his grace faileth never.
3 Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
for mercy hath he ever.

4 Who only wonders great can do:
for his grace faileth never.

5 Who by his wisdom made heav'ns high:
for mercy hath he ever.
6 Who stretch'd the earth above the sea:
for his grace faileth never.
7 To him that made the great lights shine:
for mercy hath he ever.
8 The sun to rule till day decline:
for his grace faileth never.

9 The moon and stars to rule by night:
for mercy hath he ever.
10 Who Egypt's first-born kill'd outright:
for his grace faileth never.
11 And Isr'el brought from Egypt land:
for mercy hath he ever.
12 With stretch'd-out arm, and with strong hand:
for his grace faileth never.

13 By whom the Red sea parted was:
for mercy hath he ever.
14 And through its midst made Isr'el pass:
for his grace faileth never.
15 But Phar'oh and his host did drown:
for mercy hath he ever.
16 Who through the desert led his own:
for his grace faileth never.

17 To him great kings who overthrew:
for he hath mercy ever.
18 Yea, famous kings in battle slew:
for his grace faileth never.
19 Ev'n Sihon king of Amorites:
for he hath mercy ever.

20 And Og the king of Bashanites:
for his grace faileth never.

21 Their land in heritage to have:
(for mercy hath he ever.)
22 His servant Isr'el right he gave:
for his grace faileth never.
23 In our low state who on us thought:
for he hath mercy ever.
24 And from our foes our freedom wrought:
for his grace faileth never.

25 Who doth all flesh with food relieve:
for he hath mercy ever.
26 Thanks to the God of heaven give:
for his grace faileth never.

Another of the same.

1 PRAISE God, for he is kind:
His mercy lasts for aye.
2 Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway:
For certainly
His mercies dure
Most firm and sure
Eternally.

3 The Lord of lords praise ye,
Whose mercies still endure.
4 Great wonders only he
Doth work by his great pow'r:
For certainly, &c.

5 Which God omnipotent,
By might and wisdom high,

The heav'n and firmament
Did frame, as we may see:
For certainly, &c.

6 To him who did outstretch
This earth so great and wide,
Above the waters' reach
Making it to abide:
For certainly, &c.

7 Great lights he made to be;
For his grace lasteth aye:
8 Such as the sun we see,
To rule the lightsome day:
For certainly, &c.

9 Also the moon so clear,
Which shineth in our sight;
The stars that do appear,
To guide the darksome night:
For certainly, &c.

10 To him that Egypt smote,
Who did his message scorn;
And in his anger hot
Did kill all their first-born:
For certainly, &c.

11 Thence Isr'el out he brought;
For his grace lasteth ever.
12 With a strong hand he wrought,
And stretch'd-out arm deliver:
For certainly, &c.

13 The sea he cut in two;
For his grace lasteth still.

14 And through its midst to go
Made his own Israel:
For certainly, &c.

15 But overwhelm'd and lost
Was proud king Pharaoh,
With all his mighty host,
And chariots there also:
For certainly, &c.

16 To him who pow'rfully
His chosen people led,
Ev'n through the desert dry,
And in that place them fed:
For certainly, &c.

17 To him great kings who smote;
For his grace hath no bound.
18 Who slew, and spared not
Kings famous and renown'd:
For certainly, &c.

19 Sihon the Am'rites' king;
For his grace lasteth ever:
20 Og also, who did reign
The land of Bashan over:
For certainly, &c.

21 Their land by lot he gave;
For his grace faileth never,
22 That Isr'el might it have
In heritage for ever:
For certainly, &c.

23 Who hath remembered
Us in our low estate;

24 And us delivered
From foes which did us hate:
For certainly, &c.

25 Who to all flesh gives food;
For his grace faileth never.
26 Give thanks to God most good,
The God of heav'n, for ever:
For certainly, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 BY Babel's streams we sat and wept,
when Sion we thought on.
2 In midst thereof we hang'd our harps
the willow-trees upon.
3 For there a song required they,
who did us captive bring:
Our spoilers call'd for mirth, and said,
A song of Sion sing.

4 O how the Lord's song shall we sing
within a foreign land?
5 If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
skill part from my right hand.
6 My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
if I do thee forget,
Jerusalem, and thee above
my chief joy do not set.

7 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
who in Jerus'lem's day,
Ev'n unto its foundation,
Raze, raze it quite, did say.
8 O daughter thou of Babylon,
near to destruction;

Bless'd shall he be that thee rewards,
as thou to us hast done.

9 Yea, happy surely shall he be
thy tender little ones
Who shall lay hold upon, and them
shall dash against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 THEE will I praise with all my heart,
I will sing praise to thee
2 Before the gods: And worship will
toward thy sanctuary.
I'll praise thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and kindness of thy love;
For thou thy word hast magnify'd
all thy great name above.

3 Thou didst me answer in the day
when I to thee did cry;
And thou my fainting soul with strength
didst strengthen inwardly.
4 All kings upon the earth that are
shall give thee praise, O Lord;
When as they from thy mouth shall hear
thy true and faithful word.

5 Yea, in the righteous ways of God
with gladness they shall sing:
For great's the glory of the Lord,
who doth for ever reign.
6 Though God be high, yet he respects
all those that lowly be;
Whereas the proud and lofty ones
afar off knoweth he.

7 Though I in midst of trouble walk,
I life from thee shall have:
'Gainst my foes' wrath thou'lt stretch thine [hand;
thy right hand shall me save.
8 Surely that which concerneth me
the Lord will perfect make:
Lord, still thy mercy lasts; do not
thine own hands' works forsake.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1 O LORD, thou hast me search'd and known.
2 Thou know'st my sitting down,
And rising up; yea, all my thoughts
afar to thee are known.
3 My footsteps, and my lying down,
thou compassest always;
Thou also most entirely art
acquaint with all my ways.

4 For in my tongue, before I speak,
not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
it is well known to thee.
5 Behind, before, thou hast beset,
and laid on me thine hand.
6 Such knowledge is too strange for me,
too high to understand.

7 From thy Sp'rit whither shall I go?
or from thy presence fly?
8 Ascend I heav'n, lo, thou art there;
there, if in hell I lie.
9 Take I the morning wings, and dwell
in utmost parts of sea;

10 Ev'n there, Lord, shall thy hand me lead,
thy right hand hold shall me.

11 If I do say that darkness shall
me cover from thy sight,
Then surely shall the very night
about me be as light.
12 Yea, darkness hideth not from thee,
but night doth shine as day:
To thee the darkness and the light
are both alike alway.

13 For thou possessed hast my reins,
and thou hast cover'd me,
When I within my mother's womb
inclosed was by thee.
14 Thee will I praise; for fearfully
and strangely made I am;
Thy works are marv'llous, and right well
my soul doth know the same.

15 My substance was not hid from thee,
when as in secret I
Was made; and in earth's lowest parts
was wrought most curiously.
16 Thine eyes my substance did behold,
yet being unperfect;
And in the volume of thy book
my members all were writ;

Which after in continuance
were fashion'd ev'ry one,
When as they yet all shapeless were,
and of them there was none.
17 How precious also are thy thoughts,
O gracious God, to me!

And in their sum how passing great
and numberless they be!

18 If I should count them, than the sand
they more in number be:
What time soever I awake,
I ever am with thee.
19 Thou, Lord, wilt sure the wicked slay:
hence from me bloody men.
20 Thy foes against thee loudly speak,
and take thy name in vain.

21 Do not I hate all those, O Lord,
that hatred bear to thee?
With those that up against thee rise
can I but grieved be?
22 With perfect hatred them I hate,
my foes I them do hold.
23 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
try me, my thoughts unfold:

24 And see if any wicked way
there be at all in me;
And in thine everlasting way
to me a leader be.

PSALM CXL.

1 LORD, from the ill and froward man
give me deliverance,
And do thou safe preserve me from
the man of violence:
2 Who in their heart mischievous things
are meditating ever;
And they for war assembled are
continually together.

3 Much like unto a serpent's tongue
their tongues they sharp do make;
And underneath their lips there lies
the poison of a snake.
4 Lord, keep me from the wicked's hands,
from vi'lent men me save;
Who utterly to overthrow
my goings purpos'd have.

5 The proud for me a snare have hid,
and cords; yea, they a net
Have by the way-side for me spread;
they gins for me have set.
6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art
my God: unto the cry
Of all my supplications,
Lord, do thine ear apply.

7 O God the Lord, who art the strength
of my salvation:
A cov'ring in the day of war
my head thou hast put on.
8 Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
his wishes do not grant;
Nor further thou his ill device,
lest they themselves should vaunt.

9 As for the head and chief of those
about that compass me,
Ev'n by the mischief of their lips
let thou them cover'd be.
10 Let burning coals upon them fall,
them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no more
may rise out of the same.

11 Let not an evil speaker be
on earth established:
Mischief shall hunt the vi'lent man,
till he be ruined.
12 I know God will th' afflicted's cause
maintain, and poor men's right.
13 Surely the just shall praise thy name;
th' upright dwell in thy sight.

PSALM CXLI.

1 O LORD, I unto thee do cry,
do thou make haste to me,
And give an ear unto my voice,
when I cry unto thee.
2 As incense let my prayer be
directed in thine eyes;
And the uplifting of my hands
as th' ev'ning sacrifice.

3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
keep of my lips the door.
4 My heart incline thou not unto
the ills I should abhor,
To practise wicked works with men
that work iniquity;
And with their delicates my taste
let me not satisfy.

5 Let him that righteous is me smite,
it shall a kindness be;
Let him reprove, I shall it count
a precious oil to me:
Such smiting shall not break my head;
for yet the time shall fall,

When I in their calamities
to God pray for them shall.

6 When as their judges down shall be
in stony places cast,
Then shall they hear my words; for they
shall sweet be to their taste.
7 About the grave's devouring mouth
our bones are scatter'd round,
As wood which men do cut and cleave
lies scatter'd on the ground.

8 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
mine eyes uplifted be:
My soul do not leave destitute;
my trust is set on thee.
9 Lord, keep me safely from the snares
which they for me prepare;
And from the subtile gins of them
that wicked workers are.

10 Let workers of iniquity
into their own nets fall,
Whilst I do, by thine help, escape
the danger of them all.

PSALM CXLII.

1 I WITH my voice cry'd to the Lord,
with it made my request:
2 Pour'd out to him my plaint, to him
my trouble I exprest.
3 When in me was o'erwhelm'd my sp'rit,
then well thou knew'st my way;
Where I did walk a snare for me
they privily did lay.

4 I look'd on my right hand, and view'd,
but none to know me were;
All refuge failed me, no man
did for my soul take care.
5 I cry'd to thee; I said, Thou art
my refuge, Lord, alone;
And in the land of those that live
thou art my portion.

6 Because I am brought very low,
attend unto my cry:
Me from my persecutors save,
who stronger are than I.
7 From prison bring my soul, that I
thy name may glorify:
The just shall compass me, when thou
with me deal'st bounteously.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, attend my suits;
and in thy faithfulness
Give thou an answer unto me,
and in thy righteousness.
2 Thy servant also bring thou not
in judgment to be try'd:
Because no living man can be
in thy sight justify'd.

3 For th' en'my hath pursu'd my soul,
my life to ground down tread:
In darkness he hath made me dwell,
as who have long been dead.
4 My sp'rit is therefore overwhelm'd
in me perplexedly;

Within me is my very heart
amazed wondrously.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
to meditate I use
On all thy works; upon the deeds
I of thy hands do muse.
6 My hands to thee I stretch; my soul
thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
7 Haste, Lord, to hear, my spirit fails:
hide not thy face from me;

Lest like to them I do become
that go down to the dust.
8 At morn let me thy kindness hear;
for in thee do I trust.
Teach me the way that I should walk:
I lift my soul to thee.
9 Lord, free me from my foes; I flee
to thee to cover me.

10 Because thou art my God, to do
thy will do me instruct:
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land
of uprightness conduct.
11 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
ev'n for thine own name's sake;
And do thou, for thy righteousness,
my soul from trouble take.

12 And of thy mercy slay my foes;
let all destroyed be
That do afflict my soul: for I
a servant am to thee.

Another of the same.

1 OH, hear my prayer, Lord,
And unto my desire
To bow thine ear accord,
I humbly thee require;
And, in thy faithfulness,
Unto me answer make,
And, in thy righteousness,
Upon me pity take.

2 In judgment enter not
With me thy servant poor;
For why, this well I wot,
No sinner can endure
The sight of thee, O God:
If thou his deeds shalt try,
He dare make none abode
Himself to justify.

3 Behold, the cruel foe
Me persecutes with spite,
My soul to overthrow:
Yea, he my life down quite
Unto the ground hath smote,
And made me dwell full low
In darkness, as forgot,
Or men dead long ago.

4 Therefore my sp'rit much vex'd,
O'erwhelm'd is me within;
My heart right sore perplex'd
And desolate hath been.
5 Yet I do call to mind
What ancient days record,

Thy works of ev'ry kind
I think upon, O Lord.

6 Lo, I do stretch my hands
To thee, my help alone;
For thou well understands
All my complaint and moan:
My thirsting soul desires,
And longeth after thee,
As thirsty ground requires
With rain refresh'd to be.

7 Lord, let my pray'r prevail,
To answer it make speed;
For, lo, my sp'rit doth fail:
Hide not thy face in need;
Lest I be like to those
That do in darkness sit,
Or him that downward goes
Into the dreadful pit.

8 Because I trust in thee,
O Lord, cause me to hear
Thy loving-kindness free,
When morning doth appear:
Cause me to know the way
Wherein my path should be;
For why, my soul on high
I do lift up to thee.

9 From my fierce enemy
In safety do me guide,
Because I flee to thee,
Lord, that thou may'st me hide.
10 My God alone art thou,
Teach me thy righteousness:

Thy Sp'rit's good, lead me to
The land of uprightness.

11 O Lord, for thy name's sake,
Be pleas'd to quicken me;
And, for thy truth, forth take
My soul from misery.
12 And of thy grace destroy
My foes, and put to shame
All who my soul annoy;
For I thy servant am.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 O BLESSED ever be the Lord,
who is my strength and might,
Who doth instruct my hands to war,
my fingers teach to fight.
2 My goodness, fortress, my high tow'r,
deliverer, and shield,
In whom I trust: who under me
my people makes to yield.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou of him
dost so much knowledge take?
Or son of man, that thou of him
so great account dost make?
4 Man is like vanity; his days,
as shadows, pass away.
5 Lord, bow thy heav'ns, come down, touch thou
the hills, and smoke shall they.

6 Cast forth thy lightning, scatter them;
thine arrows shoot, them rout.
7 Thine hand send from above, me save;
from great depths draw me out;

And from the hand of children strange,
8 Whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand is a right hand
that works deceitfully.

9 A new song I to thee will sing,
Lord, on a psaltery;
I on a ten-string'd instrument
will praises sing to thee.
10 Ev'n he it is that unto kings
salvation doth send;
Who his own servant David doth
from hurtful sword defend.

11 O free me from strange children's hand,
whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand a right hand is
that works deceitfully.
12 That, as the plants, our sons may be
in youth grown up that are;
Our daughters like to corner-stones,
carv'd like a palace fair.

13 That to afford all kind of store
our garners may be fill'd;
That our sheep thousands, in our streets
ten thousands they may yield.
14 That strong our oxen be for work,
that no in-breaking be,
Nor going out; and that our streets
may from complaints be free.

15 Those people blessed are who be
in such a case as this;
Yea, blessed all those people are,
whose God JEHOVAH is.

1 I'LL thee extol, my God, O King;
I'll bless thy name always.
2 Thee will I bless each day, and will
thy name for ever praise.
3 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd;
his greatness search exceeds.
4 Race unto race shall praise thy works,
and shew thy mighty deeds.

5 I of thy glorious majesty
the honour will record;
I'll speak of all thy mighty works,
which wondrous are, O Lord.
6 Men of thine acts the might shall show,
thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, thy glory to advance,
thy greatness will declare.

7 The mem'ry of thy goodness great
they largely shall express;
With songs of praise they shall extol
thy perfect righteousness.
8 The Lord is very gracious,
in him compassions flow;
In mercy he is very great,
and is to anger slow.

9 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all
his goodness doth declare;
And over all his other works
his tender mercies are.
10 Thee all thy works shall praise, O Lord,
and thee thy saints shall bless;
11 They shall thy kingdom's glory show,
thy pow'r by speech express:

12 To make the sons of men to know
his acts done mightily,
And of his kingdom, th' excellent
and glorious majesty.
13 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
thy reign through ages all.
14 God raiseth all that are bow'd down,
upholdeth all that fall.

15 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
the giver of all good;
And thou, in time convenient,
bestow'st on them their food:
16 Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
and of thy bounty gives
Enough to satisfy the need
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17 The Lord is just in all his ways,
holy in his works all.
18 God's near to all that call on him,
in truth that on him call.
19 He will accomplish the desire
of those that do him fear:
He also will deliver them,
and he their cry will hear.

20 The Lord preserves all who him love,
that nought can them annoy:
But he all those that wicked are
will utterly destroy.
21 My mouth the praises of the Lord
to publish cease shall never:
Let all flesh bless his holy name
for ever and for ever.

Another of the same.

1 O LORD, thou art my God and King;
Thee will I magnify and praise:
I will thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto thy holy name always.
2 Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name time without end.
3 Much to be prais'd, and great God is;
His greatness none can comprehend.

4 Race shall thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by thee.
5 I will speak of the glorious grace,
And honour of thy majesty;
Thy wondrous works I will record.
6 By men the might shall be extoll'd
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I thy greatness will unfold.

7 They utter shall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy goodness great;
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they thy righteousness relate.
8 The Lord our God is gracious,
Compassionate is he also;
In mercy he is plenteous,
But unto wrath and anger slow.

9 Good unto all men is the Lord:
O'er all his works his mercy is.
10 Thy works all praise to thee afford:
Thy saints, O Lord, thy name shall bless.
11 The glory of thy kingdom show
Shall they, and of thy power tell:

12 That so men's sons his deeds may know,
His kingdom's grace that doth excel.

13 Thy kingdom hath none end at all,
It doth through ages all remain.
14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
The cast-down raiseth up again.
15 The eyes of all things, Lord, attend,
And on thee wait that here do live,
And thou, in season due, dost send
Sufficient food them to relieve.

16 Yea, thou thine hand dost open wide,
And ev'ry thing dost satisfy
That lives, and doth on earth abide,
Of thy great liberality.
17 The Lord is just in his ways all,
And holy in his works each one.
18 He's near to all that on him call,
Who call in truth on him alone.

19 God will the just desire fulfil
Of such as do him fear and dread:
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
And save them in the time of need.
20 The Lord preserves all, more and less,
That bear to him a loving heart:
But workers all of wickedness
Destroy will he, and clean subvert.

21 Therefore my mouth and lips I'll frame
To speak the praises of the Lord:
To magnify his holy name
For ever let all flesh accord.

1 PRAISE God. The Lord praise, O my soul.
2 I'll praise God while I live;
While I have being to my God
in songs I'll praises give.
3 Trust not in princes, nor man's son,
in whom there is no stay:
4 His breath departs, to's earth he turns;
that day his thoughts decay.

5 O happy is that man and blest,
whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
and on his God is stay'd:
6 Who made the earth and heavens high,
who made the swelling deep,
And all that is within the same;
who truth doth ever keep:

7 Who righteous judgment executes
for those oppress'd that be,
Who to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the pris'ners free.
8 The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
the bowed down doth raise:
The Lord doth dearly love all those
that walk in upright ways.

9 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
the orphan's help, is he:
But yet by him the wicked's way
turn'd upside down shall be.
10 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
thy God, O Sion, he
Reigns to all generations.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
it is a comely thing.
2 God doth build up Jerusalem;
and he it is alone
That the dispers'd of Israel
doth gather into one.

3 Those that are broken in their heart,
and grieved in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds
he tenderly up-binds.
4 He counts the number of the stars;
he names them ev'ry one.
5 Great is our Lord, and of great pow'r;
his wisdom search can none.

6 The Lord lifts up the meek; and casts
the wicked to the ground.
7 Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks;
on harp his praises sound;
8 Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,
who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh grass
upon the mountains grow.

9 He gives the beast his food, he feeds
the ravens young that cry.
10 His pleasure not in horses' strength,
nor in man's legs, doth lie.
11 But in all those that do him fear
the Lord doth pleasure take;
In those that to his mercy do
by hope themselves betake.

12 The Lord praise, O Jerusalem;
Sion, thy God confess:
13 For thy gates' bars he maketh strong;
thy sons in thee doth bless.
14 He in thy borders maketh peace;
with fine wheat filleth thee.
15 He sends forth his command on earth,
his word runs speedily.

16 Hoar-frost, like ashes, scatt'reth he;
like wool he snow doth give:
17 Like morsels casteth forth his ice;
who in its cold can live?
18 He sendeth forth his mighty word,
and melteth them again;
His wind he makes to blow, and then
the waters flow amain.

19 The doctrine of his holy word
to Jacob he doth show;
His statutes and his judgments he
gives Israel to know.
20 To any nation never he
such favour did afford;
For they his judgments have not known.
O do ye praise the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 PRAISE God. From heavens praise the Lord,
in heights praise to him be.
2 All ye his angels, praise ye him;
his hosts all, praise him ye.
3 O praise ye him, both sun and moon;
praise him, all stars of light.

4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns him praise, and floods
above the heavens' height.

5 Let all the creatures praise the name
of our almighty Lord:
For he commanded, and they were
created by his word.
6 He also, for all times to come,
hath them establish'd sure;
He hath appointed them a law,
which ever shall endure.

7 Praise ye JEHOVAH from the earth,
dragons, and ev'ry deep:
8 Fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy wind,
his word that fully keep.
9 All hills and mountains, fruitful trees,
and all ye cedars high:
10 Beasts, and all cattle, creeping things,
and all ye birds that fly.

11 Kings of the earth, all nations,
princes, earth's judges all:
12 Both young men, yea, and maidens too,
old men, and children small.
13 Let them God's name praise; for his name
alone is excellent:
His glory reacheth far above
the earth and firmament.

14 His people's horn, the praise of all
his saints, exalteth he;
Ev'n Isr'el's seed, a people near
to him. The Lord praise ye.

Another of the same.

THE Lord of heav'n confess,
On high his glory raise.
Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.
Him glorify
Sun, moon, and stars;
Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.

From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make;
You all created were,
When he the word but spake.
And from that place,
Where fix'd you be
By his decree,
You cannot pass.

Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps:
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command he keeps.
Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall;
Beasts wild and tame;

All things that creep or fly.
Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
All princes mean or high;
Both men and virgins young,
Ev'n young and old,
Exalt his name;

For much his fame
Should be extoll'd.

O let God's name be prais'd
Above both earth and sky;
14 For he his saints hath rais'd,
And set their horn on high;
Ev'n those that be
Of Isr'el's race,
Near to his grace.
The Lord praise ye.

PSALM CXLIX.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: unto him sing
a new song, and his praise
In the assembly of his saints
in sweet psalms do ye raise.
2 Let Isr'el in his Maker joy,
and to him praises sing:
Let all that Sion's children are
be joyful in their King.

3 O let them unto his great name
give praises in the dance;
Let them with timbrel and with harp
in songs his praise advance.
4 For God doth pleasure take in those
that his own people be;
And he with his salvation
the meek will beautify.

5 And in his glory excellent
let all his saints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
aloud lift up their voice.

6 Let in their mouth aloft be rais'd
the high praise of the Lord,
And let them have in their right hand
a sharp two-edged sword;

7 To execute the vengeance due
upon the heathen all,
And make deserved punishment
upon the people fall.
8 And ev'n with chains, as pris'ners, bind
their kings that them command;
Yea, and with iron fetters strong,
the nobles of their land.

9 On them the judgment to perform
found written in his word:
This honour is to all his saints.
O do ye praise the Lord.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. God's praise within
his sanctuary raise;
And to him in the firmament
of his pow'r give ye praise.
2 Because of all his mighty acts,
with praise him magnify:
O praise him, as he doth excel
in glorious majesty.

3 Praise him with trumpet's sound: his praise
with psaltery advance:
4 With timbrel, harp, string'd instruments,
and organs, in the dance.

5 Praise him on cymbals loud: him praise
on cymbals sounding high.
6 Let each thing breathing praise the Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

END OF THE PSALMS.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES,

IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I. Genesis i.

LET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
said the Almighty Lord:
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
at his creating word.
Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
God said, "Let there be light:"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
and scatter'd ancient night.

He bade the clouds ascend on high;
the clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
and float upon the air.
The liquid element below
was gather'd by his hand;

The rolling seas together flow,
and leave the solid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
the new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
or sun to warm the ground.
6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
he plac'd two orbs of light,
He set the sun to rule the day,
the moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
and fish of ev'ry name.
8 To all the various brutal tribes
he gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
sprung from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at last was Adam made;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
and glory crown'd his head.
10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
the whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd;
his word pronounc'd it good.

II. Genesis xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.
4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

III. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
and mix with kindred dust.
2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
are soon to be restor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave:
He gives; and, when he takes away,
he takes but what he gave.
4 Then, ever blessed be his name!
his goodness swell'd our store;

His justice but resumes its own ;
'tis ours still to adore.

IV. Job iii. 17—20.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave!
where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree
receives us all at last.
2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
from all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
from slav'ry's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
or dread the tyrant's rod.
4 There servants, masters, small and great,
partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
of those who once were foes.

5 All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
to meet their final doom.

V. Job v. 6—12.

1 THO' trouble springs not from the dust,
nor sorrow from the ground ;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
in man's estate are found.
2 As sparks in close succession rise,
so man, the child of woe,

Is doom'd to endless cares and toils
through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cause;
from him I seek relief;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
unbosom all my grief.
4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
unsearchable his ways;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
the bowed down to raise.

VI. Job viii. 11—22.

1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
and flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
before the scorching beam:
2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
from ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his house
and all its props decay:
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
the tott'ring frame gives way.
4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun
his boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
unshaken stand a while.

5 But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n,
that sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
who Heav'n's high laws despise:
They quickly fall; and in their room
as quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care,
God will his pow'r employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
and fill their hearts with joy.

VII. Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
be pure before their God?
If he contends in righteousness,
we sink beneath his rod.
2 If he should mark my words and thoughts
with strict inquiring eyes,
Could I for one of thousand faults
the least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
who dares with him contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
shall prosper in the end?
4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their old seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
and seals up all the stars.
6 He walks upon the raging sea;
flies on the stormy wind:

None can explore his wondrous way,
or his dark footsteps find.

VIII. Job xiv. 1—15.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
and shalt to dust return."
2 Behold the emblem of thy state
in flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
that mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
before thy sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
a hallow'd stream afford?
4 Determin'd are the days that fly
successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
that lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
the short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
of pilgrimage to man.
6 All nature dies, and lives again:
the flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
and boughs and blossoms yield,

7 Resign the honours of their form
at Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
a desolated waste.

8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
and flourish green again.

9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
ah! never to return:
Shall any foll'wing spring revive
the ashes of the urn?
10 The mighty flood that rolls along
its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
from that abyss again.

11 So days, and years, and ages past,
descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
back to the gates of light;
12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
the slumbers of the tomb.

13 O may the grave become to me
the bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
and mingle with the blest!
14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
when death shall set me free.

IX. Job xxvi. 6, to the end.

1 WHO can resist th' Almighty arm
that made the starry sky?

Or who elude the certain glance
of God's all-seeing eye?
2 From him no cov'ring vails our crimes;
hell opens to his sight;
And all Destruction's secret snares
lie full disclos'd in light.

3 Firm on the boundless void of space
he pois'd the steady pole,
And in the circle of his clouds
bade secret waters roll.
4 While nature's universal frame
its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
an awful cloud conceals.

5 From where the rising day ascends,
to where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
and checks their threat'ning might.
6 The pillars that support the sky
tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
as though its centre shook.

7 He brings the waters from their beds,
although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
without the hand of foes.
8 With bright inhabitants above
he fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
dismay'd before him stand.

9 Few of his works can we survey;
these few our skill transcend:

But the full thunder of his pow'r
what heart can comprehend?

X. Prov. i. 20—31.

1 IN streets, and op'nings of the gates,
where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her voice,
and cries to men aloud,
2 How long, ye scorners of the truth,
scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
and hear my words in vain?

3 O turn, at last, at my reproof!
and, in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart
my Spirit down shall pour.
4 But since so long, with earnest voice,
to you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
thus ineffectual fall;

5 The time will come, when humbled low,
in Sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
but taught too late, to pray.
6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep
comes Desolation's blast:
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
the hour of mercy past.

7 The choice you made has fix'd your doom;
for this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
the sinner fill'd shall be.

XI. Prov. iii. 13—17.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
his early, only choice.
2 For she has treasures greater far
than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
a length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
are what her left displays.
4 She guides the young with innocence,
in pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
so her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace.

XII. Prov. vi. 6—12.

1 YE indolent and slothful! rise,
View the ant's labours, and be wise;
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay:
2 Yet see with what incessant cares
She for the winter's storm prepares;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store complete.

3 But when will slothful man arise?
How long shall sleep seal up his eyes?
Sloth more indulgence still demands;
Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the hands.
4 But mark the end; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour fail;
Want, like an armed man, shall rush
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII. Prov. viii. 22, to the end.

1 KEEP silence, all ye sons of men,
and hear with rev'rence due;
Eternal Wisdom from above
thus lifts her voice to you:
2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight
from everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
the heav'ns and earth to raise.

3 Before the sea began to flow,
and leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.
4 When first he rear'd the arch of heav'n,
and spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
he open'd, I was there.

5 There I was with him, when he stretch'd
his compass o'er the deep,
And charg'd the ocean's swelling waves
within their bounds to keep.
6 With joy I saw th' abode prepar'd
which men were soon to fill:

Them from the first of days I lov'd,
unchang'd, I love them still.

7 Now therefore hearken to my words,
ye children, and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
the man that shuns them dies.
8 Where dubious paths perplex the mind,
direction I afford;
Life shall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.

9 But he who scorns my sacred laws
shall deeply wound his heart,
He courts destruction who contemns
the counsel I impart.

XIV. Eccles. vii. 2—6.

1 WHILE others crowd the house of mirth,
and haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
frequent the house of woe.
2 Better to weep with those who weep,
and share th' afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
that cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virtuous sorrow clouds the face,
and tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
and wafted to the sky.
4 The wise in heart revisit oft
grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless still with levity
and mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noisy laughter of the fool
is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
in ashes to the ground.

XV. Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 AS long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
2 Life is the season God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what thy thoughts design to do,
Still let thy hands with might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom underneath the ground.
6 In the cold grave, to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past:
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

XVI. Eccles. xii. 1.

1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
with vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
which beauty can disclose;
2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
and character engrav'd.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
the sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
encompass all thy ways.
4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
in mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
that now return no more.

XVII. Isaiah i. 10—19.

1 RULERS of Sodom! hear the voice
of heav'n's eternal Lord;
Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
submissive to his word.
2 'Tis thus he speaks: To what intent
are your oblations vain?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
polluted and profane?

3 Burnt-off'rings long may blaze to heav'n,
and incense cloud the skies;
The worship and the worshipper
are hateful in my eyes.

4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs, I scorn,
and pomp of solemn days:
I know your hearts are full of guile,
and crooked are your ways.

5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty race,
and cease from deeds of sin;
Learn in your actions to be just,
and pure in heart within.

6 Mock not my name with honours vain,
but keep my holy laws;
Do justice to the friendless poor,
and plead the widow's cause.

7 Then though your guilty souls are stain'd
with sins of crimson die,
Yet, through my grace, with snow itself
in whiteness they shall vie.

XVIII. Isaiah ii. 2—6.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
in latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
and draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
and to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
his judgments truth shall guide;

His sceptre shall protect the just,
and quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
to pruning-hooks their spears.
6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
and study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
to worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
with holy beauties shine.

XIX. Isaiah ix. 2—8.

1 THE race that long in darkness pin'd
have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
in death's surrounding night.
2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
the gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
the harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
and quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
in Midian's evil day.
4 To us a Child of hope is born;
to us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
him all the hosts of heav'n.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
for evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
the great and mighty Lord.
6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
his reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
and peace abound below.

XX. Isaiah xxvi. 1—7.

1 HOW glorious Sion's courts appear,
the city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
here fix'd his lov'd abode.
2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
no pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
against th' assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
the statutes of our King.
4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
and dwell in perfect peace,
Ye, who have known JEHOVAH's name,
and trusted in his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells
eternal as his years.
6 What though the wicked dwell on high,
his arm shall bring them low;

Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.

7 Along the dust shall then be spread
their tow'rs, that brave the skies:
On them the needy's feet shall tread,
and on their ruins rise.

XXI. Isaiah xxxiii. 13—18.

1 ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell remote,
ye tribes at hand, give ear;
Th' upright in heart alone have hope,
the false in heart have fear.
2 The man who walks with God in truth,
and ev'ry guile disdains;
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
and scorns its shameful gains;

3 Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
that tempts from truth to stray,
And from th' enticing snares of vice
who turns his eyes away:
4 His dwelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,
shall ever stand secure;
His Father will provide his bread,
his water shall be sure.

5 For him the kingdom of the just
afar doth glorious shine;
And he the King of kings shall see
in majesty divine.

XXII. Isaiah xl. 27, to the end.

1 WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious [plaint,
despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
and did not heed thy grief?
2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
that firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
who form'd the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail
when comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay?
4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
the Rock of ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
the working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
his heav'nly aids impart.
6 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
and youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
in strength shall still increase.

7 They with unweary'd feet shall tread
the path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
with growing brightness shine.
8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
their wings are faith and love,

Till, past the cloudy regions here,
they rise to heav'n above.

XXIII. Isaiah xlii. 1—13.

1 BEHOLD my Servant! see him rise
exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
my Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments he shall show
to earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
no threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
nor break the bruised reed.
4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
the weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
receive the law divine.
6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
and bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
and form'd the human soul,

7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd,
my Prophet thee install;
In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.

8 I will establish with the lands
a covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
and set the pris'ners free:

9 Asunder burst the gates of brass;
the iron fetters fall;
And gladsome light and liberty
are straight restor'd to all.
10 I am the Lord, and by the name
of great JEHOVAH known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
nor mount into my throne.

11 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
shall be accomplish'd too.
12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the isles around!

13 O city of the Lord! begin
the universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
the cheerful notes prolong.
14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
with accents rude rejoice;

15 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
the islands sound his praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH's glories raise.

XXIV. Isaiah xlix. 13—17.

1 YE heav'ns, send forth your song of praise!
earth, raise your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
and joy through nature flow.
2 Behold how gracious is our God!
hear the consoling strains,
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
and mitigates our pains.

3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
in sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
forsaken or forlorn.
4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
the infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
nor move compassion more?

5 She may forget: nature may fail
a parent's heart to move;
But Sion on my heart shall dwell
in everlasting love.
6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name:
My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
and raise her broken frame.

XXV. Isaiah liii.

1 HOW few receive with cordial faith
the tidings which we bring?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
of heav'n's eternal King?

2 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him
to draw the carnal eye.

3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
the heav'nly Saviour rose.
4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still
through all his life below.

5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
ours were the woes he bore:
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
with bitter anguish tore.
6 We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
an outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
beneath his Father's rod.

7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
from sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our souls again.
8 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
in ruin's fatal road:
On him were our transgressions laid;
he bore the mighty load.

9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he
in patient silence stood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb,
when brought to shed its blood.

10 Who can his generation tell?
from prison see him led!
With impious show of law condemn'd,
and number'd with the dead.

11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
the rich a grave supply'd:
Unspotted was his blameless life;
unstain'd by sin he dy'd.
12 Yet God shall raise his head on high,
though thus he brought him low;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
shall terminate his woe.

13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then
shall prosper in his hand;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
and still his honours stand.
14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
the purchase of his pain;
And all the guilty whom he sav'd
shall bless Messiah's reign.

15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
and baffle all his foes;
Though rank'd with sinners, here he fell,
a conqueror he rose.
16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,
that sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
and plead their cause in heav'n.

XXVI. Isaiah lv.

1 HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
where living waters flow:

Free to that sacred fountain all
without a price may go.
2 How long to streams of false delight
will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
on trifles, light as air?

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
that health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to me;
the soul that hears shall live.
4 With you a cov'nant I will make,
that ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
my mercy hath made sure.

5 Behold he comes! your leader comes,
with might and honour crown'd;
A witness who shall spread my name
to earth's remotest bound.
6 See! nations hasten to his call
from ev'ry distant shore;
Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to him,
and Isr'el's God adore.

7 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
is open to your call;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
before his footstool fall.
8 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
their evil thoughts forego:
And God, when they to him return,
returning grace will show.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:
for, hear the voice divine!

My nature is not like to yours,
nor like your ways are mine:
But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs
beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
your ways and thoughts transcend.

And as the rains from heav'n distil,
nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes sustain:
So not a word that flows from me
shall ineffectual fall;
But universal nature prove
obedient to my call.

With joy and peace shall then be led
the glad converted lands;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
the forests clap their hands.
Where briers grew 'midst barren wilds,
shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, through its utmost bounds,
eternal praises sing.

XXVII. Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

THUS speaks the high and lofty One;
ye tribes of earth, give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
with sacred rev'rence hear:
Amidst the majesty of heav'n
my throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
the praises of the sky:

3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
the humble hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'tis my delight to dwell;
4 The downcast spirit to revive,
the sad in soul to cheer;
And from the bed of dust the man
of heart contrite to rear.

5 With me dwells no relentless wrath
against the human race;
The souls which I have form'd shall find
a refuge in my grace.

XXVIII. Isaiah lviii. 5—9.

1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast
which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
which vain dissemblers wear.
2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
saith he who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
will they attract my love?

3 Let such as feel oppression's load
thy tender pity share:
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
be thy peculiar care.
4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
with thy abundance blest;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
and spread the couch of rest.

5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
by thee be warm'd and clad;

Be thine the blissful task to make
the downcast mourner glad.
6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
in peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. Lament. iii. 37—40.

1 AMIDST the mighty, where is he
who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
is from the Lord alone.
2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

3 Why should a living man complain
beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
must bring us back to God.
4 O sons of men! with anxious care
your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
return, and sin no more!

XXX. Hosea vi. 1—4.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
with contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
the desolate to mourn.
2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
and stills the stormy wave;

And though his arm be strong to smite,
'tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
the dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in his sight.
4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning songs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
and cheer the thirsty ground:
6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
and shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
the sorrows of the night.

XXXI. Micah vi. 6—9.

1 THUS speaks the heathen: How shall man
the Pow'r Supreme adore?
With what accepted off'rings come
his mercy to implore?
2 Shall clouds of incense to the skies
with grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
upon the altar bleed?

3 Does justice nobler blood demand
to save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side
the father plunge the knife?

4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
the message brought to man.

5 He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race! to thee;
And what doth God require of those
who bend to him the knee?
6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
to him resign thy will.

XXXII. Habak. iii. 17, 18.

1 WHAT tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply?
2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
my flock cut off I see:
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
where herds were wont to be?

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
of my salvation prove.
4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
the swiftness of the roe;
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
beyond the reach of woe.

5 God is the treasure of my soul,
the source of lasting joy;

A joy which want shall not impair,
nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII. Matth. vi. 9—14.

1 FATHER of all! we bow to thee,
who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
But present still through all thy works,
the universal Lord.
2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
by all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth so let it be.
4 From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
we mercy beg from Heav'n.
6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
from evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;
all glory's due to thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV. Matth. xi. 25, to the end.

1 THUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
and rais'd his eyes to heav'n:
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
eternal praise be giv'n.
2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited mind
thy wisdom hath conceal'd.

3 Ev'n so! thou, Father, hast ordain'd
thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
the reason to demand.
4 Thou only know'st the Son: from thee
my kingdom I receive;
And none the Father know but they
who in the Son believe.

5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
with guilt and fears oppress;
Resign to me the willing heart,
and I will give you rest.
6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
the meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
repose and peace shall find.

7 For light and gentle is my yoke;
the burden I impose
Shall ease the heart, which groan'd before
beneath a load of woes.

XXXV. Matth. xxvi. 26—29.

1 'TWAS on that night, when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread:
2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.
4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd:

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI. Luke i. 46—56.

1 MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble handmaid raise.

2 Me bless'd of God, the God of might,
all ages shall proclaim;
From age to age his mercy lasts,
and holy is his name.

3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty shew'd;
the proud his looks abas'd;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
the meek to honour rais'd.
4 The hungry with good things were fill'd,
the rich with hunger pin'd:
He sent his servant Isr'el help,
and call'd his love to mind;

5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
his promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

XXXVII. Luke ii. 8—15.

1 WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their flocks
in Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the plains with light.
2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you, and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the sign:
4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
to human view display'd,

All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
address'd their joyful song:
6 All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
Good-will is shown by Heav'n to men,
and never more shall cease.

XXXVIII. Luke ii. 25—33.

1 JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd;
to him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see
ere death his eyelids seal'd.
2 For this consoling gift of Heav'n
to Isr'el's fallen state,
From year to year, with patient hope,
the aged saint did wait.

3 Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
revolving years brought round,
In season due, the happy day,
which all his wishes crown'd.
4 When Jesus, to the temple brought
by Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
to God was offer'd there,

5 Simeon into those sacred courts
a heav'nly impulse drew;
He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
and straight his Lord he knew.

6 With holy joy upon his face
the good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
he clasp'd the promis'd child:

7 And while he held the heav'n-born Babe,
ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
exulting, yet resign'd:
8 Now, Lord! according to thy word,
let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
and gladness fills my heart.

9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
now let them close in peace.
10 This great salvation, long prepar'd,
and now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
and promises were true.

11 That Sun I now behold, whose light
shall heathen darkness chase,
And rays of brightest glory pour
around thy chosen race.

XXXIX. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
the Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
and ev'ry voice be song!
2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
exerts its sacred fire;

Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breast inspire.

3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.
4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of vice
to clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celestial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
t' enrich the humble poor.
6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is fulfill'd,
and Isr'el is restor'd.

7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy most honour'd name.

XL. Luke xv. 13—25.

1 THE wretched prodigal behold
in mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
and plung'd in want and woe.
2 While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he cries,
starve in a foreign land,
The meanest in my father's house
is fed with bounteous hand:

3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice,
fall down before his face:
Father! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n and thee,
nor can deserve thy grace.
4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
to seek his father's love:
The father sees him from afar,
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiss'd his son:
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.
6 No more, my father, can I hope
to find paternal grace;
My utmost wish is to obtain
a servant's humble place.

7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
the joyful father said;
To him each mark of grace be shown,
and ev'ry honour paid.
8 A day of feasting I ordain;
let mirth and song abound:
My son was dead, and lives again!
was lost, and now is found!

9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. John iii. 14—19.

1 AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,

The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
the people ceas'd to die:
2 So from the Saviour on the cross
a healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
is sav'd from endless woes.

3 For God gave up his Son to death,
so gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
eternal life above.
4 Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard:

5 He came to raise our fallen state,
and our lost hopes restore:
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
and bids us fear no more.
6 But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. John xiv. 1—7.

1 LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
be troubled or dismay'd;
But trust in Providence divine,
and trust my gracious aid.
2 I to my Father's house return;
there num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land.

3 I go your entrance to secure,
and your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
when I, your friend, am there.
4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
to take you home with me;
There we shall meet to part no more,
and still together be.

5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
no son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
shall see my Father's face.

XLIII. John xiv. 25—28.

1 YOU now must hear my voice no more;
my Father calls me home;
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
your Comforter, shall come.
2 That heav'nly Teacher, sent from God,
shall your whole soul inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
your hearts with sacred fire.

3 Peace is the gift I leave with you;
my peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
and cheer your souls in death.
4 I give not as the world bestows,
with promise false and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
in which my words remain.

XLIV. John xix. 30.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
a spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
the blood incessant flow;
2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
and trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
and life his drooping head!

3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
these sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
and suffer'd pain no more.
4 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
for sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
and Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past;
his blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
and crown'd him with their spoils.
6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
and gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
and a new world begun.

XLV. Romans ii. 4—8.

1 UNGRATEFUL sinners! whence this
of God's long-suff'ring grace? [scorn
And whence this madness that insults
th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it because his patience waits,
and pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
and scorn his offer'd love?

3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man!
his goodness is design'd
To wake repentance in thy soul,
and melt thy harden'd mind?
4 And wilt thou rather chuse to meet
th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
against the day of woe?

5 Soon shall that fatal day approach
that must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now unknown,
in awful pomp reveal;
6 While they, who full of holy deeds
to glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
shall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. Romans iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.
2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their guilt
before heav'n's righteous Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace;

The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,
condemns him to his face.
4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
when in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

XLVII. Romans vi. 1—7.

1 AND shall we then go on to sin,
that grace may more abound?
Great God, forbid that such a thought
should in our breast be found!
2 When to the sacred font we came,
did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its stains,
new creatures we became?

3 With Christ the Lord we dy'd to sin;
with him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth,
is perfect in the skies.
4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
we now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin,
our freedom to restore.

XLVIII. Romans viii. 31, to the end.

1 LET Christian faith and hope dispel
the fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
and who can prove a foe?
2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
gave up for us to die,

Shall he not all things freely give
that goodness can supply?

3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
and perfect bliss above!
4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
since God hath justify'd?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
for whom the Saviour dy'd?

5 The Saviour dy'd, but rose again
triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
omnipotent to save.
6 Who then can e'er divide us more
from Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
the earth to heav'n above?

7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
and days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.
8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.

9 Each future period that will bless,
as it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time,
he loves us to the last.

XLIX. 1 Corinth. xiii.

1 THOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
my sweet persuading tongue,
Though I could speak in higher strains
than ever angel sung;
2 Though prophecy my soul inspir'd,
and made all myst'ries plain:
Yet, were I void of Christian love,
these gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, though my faith with boundless pow'r
ev'n mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.
4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
my goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
still fruitless were the deed.

5 Love suffers long; love envies not;
but love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of herself,
nor proudly lifts the mind.
6 Love harbours no suspicious thought,
is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes,
and in the truth is glad.

7 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
nor selfishly confin'd;
She glows with social tenderness,
and feels for all mankind.
8 Love beareth much, much she believes,
and still she hopes the best;

Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
though sore with hardship press'd.

9 Love still shall hold an endless reign
in earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
and ev'ry gift but love.
10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
but better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
and all those shadows fly.

11 Like children here we speak and think,
amus'd with childish toys;
But when our pow'rs their manhood reach,
we'll scorn our present joys.
12 Now dark and dim, as through a glass,
are God and truth beheld;
Then shall we see as face to face,
and God shall be unvail'd.

13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is blest;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
of all the graces best.
14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
and Faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the end;
for saints for ever love.

L. 1 Corinth. xv. 52, to the end.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
this rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
and dust to life awake;

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
immortal in the skies.

3 Behold what heav'nly prophets sung
is now at last fulfill'd,
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
and, vanquish'd, quit the field.
4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
and thus begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
and where, O Death! thy sting?

5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,
'twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
to pierce the sinner's heart:
6 But God, whose name be ever bless'd!
disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
through Christ our living head.

7 Then stedfast let us still remain,
though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
yet more and more abound;
8 Assur'd that though we labour now,
we labour not in vain,
But, through the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
th' eternal crown shall gain.

LI. 2 Corinth. v. 1—11.

1 SOON shall this earthly frame, dissolv'd,
in death and ruins lie;

But better mansions wait the just,
prepar'd above the sky.
2 An house eternal, built by God,
shall lodge the holy mind,
When once those prison-walls have fall'n
by which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay,
we groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
and brings us home to God.
4 We know, that when the soul, uncloth'd,
shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
these hopes their God hath giv'n;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
and seals their souls for heav'n.
6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
faith grounded on his word;
But while this body is our home,
we mourn an absent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
and present, Lord! with thee.
8 But still, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend,
That, in his service spent, our life
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as judge,
th' assembled world shall stand,

To take the punishment or prize
from his unerring hand.
Impartial retributions then
our diff'rent lives await;
Our present actions, good or bad,
shall fix our future fate.

LII. Philip. ii. 6—12.

YE who the name of Jesus bear,
his sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in him
be also found in you.
Though in the form of God he was,
his only Son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
as robb'ry did regard;

His greatness he for us abas'd,
for us his glory vail'd;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
his majesty conceal'd:
Nor only as a man appears,
but stoops a servant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
in all its shame and woe.

Hence God this gen'rous love to men
with honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jesus far
above all names renown'd:
That at this name, with sacred awe,
each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below:

7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell
might tremble at his word,
And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
confess that he is Lord.

LIII. 1 Thessal. iv. 13, to the end.

1 TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
in Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
why then dejected weep?
2 Why inconsolable, as those
to whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the messenger of peace,
and calls the soul to heav'n.

3 As Jesus dy'd, and rose again
victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise, and reign
with their triumphant Head.
4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
the heav'ns and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changed be,
and they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
and earth's foundations shake.
6 The saints of God, from death set free,
with joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
shall meet them in the sky.

7 Together to their Father's house
with joyful hearts they go;

And dwell for ever with the Lord,
beyond the reach of woe.
8 A few short years of evil past,
we reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
shall meet, to part no more.

LIV. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honour all his laws.
2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
his name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with him remains,
protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
till the decisive hour.
4 Then will he own his servant's name
before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

LV. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.
2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord;

Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
depending on his word.

3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
shall place it on my head.
4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
this prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
th' appearance of his Son.

5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
his grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
shall bring me in the end.

LVI. Titus iii. 3—9.

1 HOW wretched was our former state,
when, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
o'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!
2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
for ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
of folly, sin, and shame.

3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
flows to the human race.
4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
that all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
and wash'd our souls from sin.

5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
rekindles in our hearts.
6 Thence rais'd from death, we live anew;
and, justify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
and see our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
in holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
by active virtue crown'd.

LVII. Heb. iv. 14, to the end.

1 JESUS, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest,
and never-dying friend.
2 Through life, through death, let us to him
with constancy adhere;
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
shall banish ev'ry fear.

3 To human weakness not severe
is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
his bowels melt with love.
4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
he knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
for he has felt the same.

5 But though he felt temptation's pow'r,
unconquer'd he remain'd;

Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,
by sin was ever stain'd.
6 As, in the days of feeble flesh,
he pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, still he feels
what ev'ry Christian bears.

7 Then let us, with a filial heart,
come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
and all our wants make known:
8 That mercy we may there obtain
for sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
while days of trial last.

LVIII. *Another Version of the same Passage.*

1 WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. Heb. xii. 1—13.

1 BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
encompass us around;
Men, once like us, with suff'ring try'd,
but now with glory crown'd.
2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
begin the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
who trode affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the finisher
and author of our faith.
4 He for the joy before him set,
so gen'rous was his love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
and now he reigns above.

5 If he the scorn of wicked men
with patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he dy'd
to murmur or complain?
6 Have ye like him to blood, to death,
the cause of truth maintain'd?

And is your heav'nly Father's voice
forgotten or disdain'd ?

7 My son, saith he, with patient mind
endure the chast'ning rod ;
Believe, when by afflictions try'd,
that thou art lov'd by God.
8 His children thus most dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of sorrows and of pains.

9 We know he owns us for his sons,
when we correction share ;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
without our Father's care.
10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard ;
The Father of our spirits now
demands the same regard.

11 Parents may err ; but he is wise,
nor lifts the rod in vain ;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
by salutary pain.
12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
may seem a field of woe ;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
of righteousness shall grow.

13 Then let our hearts no more despond,
our hands be weak no more ;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
his wisdom still adore.

LX. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love!
we own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
victorious o'er the grave.
2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
when, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
th' eternal cov'nant stood.

3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
and mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
but keep thy precepts still;
4 That to perfection's sacred height
we nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
be pleasing in thine eyes.

LXI. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.
2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
he taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
unfading in the skies.

4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
but Christ shall call us home.

LXII. 2 Pet. iii. 3—14.

1 LO! in the last of days behold
a faithless race arise;
Their lawless lust their only rule;
and thus the scoffer cries:
2 Where is the promise, deem'd so true,
that spoke the Saviour near?
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
no change has reach'd our ear.

3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
secure, the bark of man.
4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his words
conceal the truth he knows,
That from the waters' dark abyss
the earth at first arose.

5 But when the sons of men began
with one consent to stray,
At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
the godless race away.
6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
for nature's trembling frame;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
in one devouring flame.

7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
when to the gulf below,

Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign pow'r,
the Judge consigns his foe.
8 Though now, ye just! the time appears
protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
to heav'n's great Lord are one.

9 Still all may share his sov'reign grace,
in ev'ry change secure;
The meek, the suppliant contrite race,
shall find his mercy sure.
10 The contrite race he counts his friends,
forbids the suppliant's fall;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
the hope of grace to all.

11 Yet as the night-wrap'd thief who lurks
to seize th' expected prize,
Thus steals the hour, when Christ shall come,
and thunder rend the skies.
12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
the heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
at Nature's final day.

13 Since all this frame of things must end,
as Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
and watch o'er ev'ry deed;
14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
where sin is known no more.

LXIII. 1 John iii. 1—4.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
the Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
to call us sons of God!
2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
by this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
ev'n God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess;
but higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
is hid from mortal eyes:
4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
shall bear his image bright;
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
may trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ himself is pure.

LXIV. Rev. i. 5—9.

1 TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God;
2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
and ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
his saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
in anguish and dismay.
4 I am the First, and I the Last;
time centres all in me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be.

LXV. Rev. v. 6, to the end.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.
2 Lo! elders worship at his feet;
the church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
and harps of sweetest sound.

3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
these sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
he loves to hear their praise.
4 Who shall the Father's record search,
and hidden things reveal?
Behold the Son that record takes,
and opens ev'ry seal.

5 Hark how th' adoring hosts above
with songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
but all their hearts are one.
6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
to be exalted thus;

Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
for he was slain for us.

7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
and endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on his head!

8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
and set the pris'ners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
and we shall reign with thee.

9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
thou brought'st thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shar'd
the riches of thy grace.

10 Let all that dwell above the sky,
or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores,
to thee their homage show.

11 To him who sits upon the throne,
the God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
be glory evermore.

LXVI. Rev. vii. 13, to the end.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
the glories of the sky.
4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
with glad hosannahs ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
diffuse eternal day.
6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
and all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

LXVII. Rev. xxi. 1—9.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
to our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
the former earth and skies.
2 From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
all worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
and paradise restor'd!

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing;

Mortals! behold the sacred seat
of your descending King!
4 The God of glory down to men
removes his bless'd abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
and he his people's God.

5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
from ev'ry weeping eye:
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
and death itself, shall die.
6 Behold, I change all human things!
saith he, whose words are true;
Lo! what was old is pass'd away,
and all things are made new!

7 I am the First, and I the Last,
through endless years the same;
I AM, is my memorial still,
and my eternal name.
8 Ho, ye that thirst! to you my grace
shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the sacred spring,
whence life for ever flows.

9 Bless'd is the man that overcomes;
I'll own him for a son;
A rich inheritance rewards
the conquests he hath won.
10 But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race,
The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
who spurn at offer'd grace;

11 They, seiz'd by justice, shall be doom'd
in dark abyss to lie,

And in the fiery burning lake
the second death shall die.
12 O may we stand before the Lamb,
when earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
with blessings on our head!

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love, and praise.
2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
the gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
but Thou canst read it there.

3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
and all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breast.
4 To all my weak complaints and cries
thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
to form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom these comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
with heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
and led me up to man:

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
it gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
more to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
with health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
that tastes these gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
resume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
a joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
to utter all thy praise.

HYMN. II.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2 Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN III.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
and trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
in majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
who doth her sins lament,
That timely grief for errors past
shall future woe prevent.

5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
to give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
thy justice to atone.

HYMN IV.

1 BLEST morning! whose first dawning rays
beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
and leave his dark abode.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
the great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
the third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force
to hold our Lord in vain;

Sudden the Conqueror arose,
and burst their feeble chain.
4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
we sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
the triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
to our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
with glad hosannahs ring.
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
and shall be evermore.

HYMN V.

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

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